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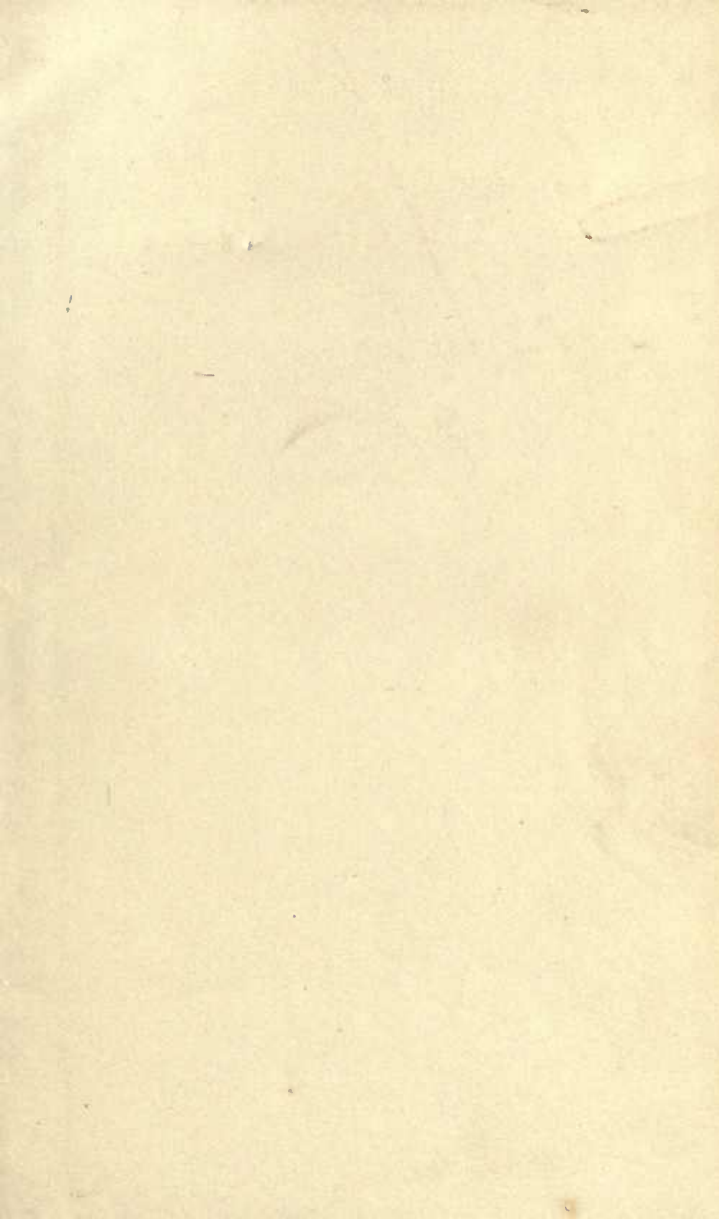
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Dec. 25<sup>th</sup> 1885













Martin Luther in his Study.

*The Reformation Series.*

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# MR. ARNOLD'S STORIES.

TALKS ABOUT

*The Reformation in Germany.*

BY

MARY C. MILLER,

AUTHOR OF "THE ARNOLD-FAMILY SERIES," "THE BASKET  
OF BARLEY-LOAVES," ETC.

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MR. ARNOLD'S STORIES.

IN GENEVA AND FRANCE.

GRANDMOTHER MORRIS'S BUNDLE.

JUDGE GREENE'S NOTEBOOK.

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## PREFACE.

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THE author of the "Arnold-Family Series" now enters upon a new series of volumes on the events of the great Reformation of the sixteenth century. The clearness, vivacity and naturalness with which facts were presented in the former volumes made them attractive whilst instructive; the same qualities will ensure popularity for the present Series.

In this first book of the four proposed to be issued—*Mr. Arnold's Stories*—Miss Miller notes the first glimmerings of reformation-light in the British Islands, and then takes up the youth and the conversion of Martin Luthér and follows the story of the life and the work of this great apostle of the gospel in Germany, closing with the closing scenes in his life and his peaceful death.

Originality is not claimed for the statements; for who can be original with regard to the facts of the life of Luther? The works of Merle d'Aubigné and others have been freely drawn from, but it is hoped that the familiar form in which the old facts are here presented will make them attractive to many who would not read more ambitious volumes.

"As for the truth, it endureth, and is always strong; it liveth and conquereth evermore."

J. W. D.

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# MR. ARNOLD'S STORIES.

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## CHAPTER I.

### *GRANDMOTHER MORRIS.*

GRANDMOTHER MORRIS was dead. There was no gloom in the house when she died, though they all loved her very much. Eddie said, "We won't cry, because grandma's gone to heaven;" and Mrs. Arnold said, "I cannot wish her back."

Why should they wish grandma to come back? She had lived a long and useful life, and had gone home to get the bright crown which the Lord promises to each one who loves him. They all missed her very much, but they thought of the blessed rest to which she had gone.

One day, after Grandmother Morris had left them, Mrs. Arnold opened a little trunk which held Grandmother Morris's papers; and there she found— What do you think? A bundle of paper written in a small, clear

hand, and the paper looked very old. On the outside Mrs. Arnold read, "Stories for my Grandchildren."

Mrs. Arnold sat down, and, as she held the bundle in her hand, said,

"Yes, mother told me about this. I am so glad she has written these for my children! I hope my children will all be as good and useful as she was."

She sat still for a long time, thinking about Grandmother Morris when she was young and strong. She remembered the day when she kissed her good-bye, and could even remember the very words of parting: "The Lord bless thee and keep thee, my child; and if we never meet again, may the covenant God be yours for ever!" Then Mrs. Arnold was gently led off the vessel, and, standing on the wharf, she blindly saw through her tears the form of her mother growing dimmer and dimmer as the ship sped back to the heathen, as if in haste to take her mother and her father to tell the good news of a Saviour to those who had not yet heard of him.

"How slowly it starts!" said some one



standing near. Mrs. Arnold thought she had never seen a ship sail so swiftly. And then she heard another voice say, "I am so glad to have Mr. and Mrs. Morris go back! They seem devoted to their work. I am sure they must do a great deal of good."

"Glad to have them go back!" Mrs. Arnold cried out, in the bitterness of her heart. "You would not be glad if it were your mother;" and then she sobbed as if her heart would break. Every one within sound of her voice turned to look at her, and her friends led her back to the carriage, where she cried aloud until she reached her new home. She was then only twelve years old. How distinctly she recalled it! How often had she thought about that sorrowful parting!

The day grandmother died she said to Mrs. Arnold.

"Lucretia, we must part to-day, but it must not be a sorrowful parting. Do you remember, my child, the day your father and I left you to return to India?"

And Mrs. Arnold answered,

"Yes, mother; I can never forget that."

"Then I was going to my work."

"Yes, mother, and now you are going to your reward," answered Mrs. Arnold.

But her mother did not seem to hear; her mind wandered, and she murmured,

"O God of the covenant, keep my little Lucretia and give me strength and courage to go back to my poor people in India. Dear little Jumme! I wonder if she remembers all I told her? I hope she will keep on praying for her father, who beats her so horribly."

"Mother," said Mrs. Arnold, "do you not remember that you had a letter from Jumme, and that she told you her father and mother were converted and she herself had become a Bible-reader?"

"Is it so?" said grandmother, wonderingly. "Does not her father beat the poor little thing any more?"

"No, mother; Jumme is a woman now. That was thirty years ago."

"Was it, child? And you are Lucretia?"

"Why, yes, mother; do you not know me?"

“Oh yes, child; I must have been dreaming. I am tired now; kiss me, Lucretia, and let me go to sleep.”

Mrs. Arnold kissed her mother and remained very quiet.

Grandmother folded her hands and seemed to sleep. Several times she stirred, and once, in a low tone, she chanted something in the strange musical language she had once used so familiarly.

Grandmother awoke in heaven.

“Mother, tea’s ready,” called Charlie, from the foot of the stairs.

Mrs. Arnold started, wondering how long she had been sitting there. She still held the bundle of old papers, and she locked the little trunk without putting it back. She noticed that it had grown dark since she had opened the trunk.

Mrs. Arnold came down to tea bringing the papers with her; and when she told the children that these were the stories their grandmother had written for them, they were delighted, and Mr. Arnold promised to read them after tea.

"I'm sure they are splendid," said Maggie; "grandmother's stories always were. Lillie Ray hasn't any grandmother, and I tell her she does not know what she misses."

"You haven't any now, either," said Charlie.

"Well, it does not seem exactly as if I hadn't," said Maggie; "I can think about her stories and look at the presents she gave me. And sometimes," here Maggie's voice sank almost to a whisper—"sometimes it seems as if she were close by me."

"So it seems to me, Maggie," said her mother.

"It will be 'most like having her here again," said Josie, "when we hear her stories."

"I suppose they tell all about her life in India?"

"Yes; she wrote them after she returned," said Mrs. Arnold. "She did not seem to know what to do with herself at first, and as she gained strength I proposed writing the story of her life.—You, Stephen, were a very little boy then, and Josie was a baby."

"Why did she come home from India, mother?" asked Stephen. "Was she too old to do any more good there?"

"She was only sixty-two, Stephen, but the heat of India and overwork made her seem much older than that, and after father's death she had an attack of fever which brought her very near to the grave. The doctor said she would never again be strong enough to work there and the only hope for her was to come home."

"You were glad to have her come home, I know, mother," said Josie.

"Indeed she was, Josie," said Mr. Arnold.

Tea over, Mr. Arnold carefully unrolled the papers, glanced over some of them, and then said,

"Why, Lucretia, there is nothing about India here. It seems to be about Scotland and Denmark and Norway."

The children looked disappointed, excepting Charlie, who always was ready to hear about strange countries.

Mrs. Arnold said,

"Oh, I am very glad."

"Why, mother, I didn't know grand-



mother ever went to those countries," said Stephen.

"She never did, Stephen; but these must be stories which were told by her grandparents, and perhaps by her father. I am sure they will interest you."

"Her mother's mother was Scotch, I believe you said, Lucretia?"

"Yes, and *her* father's ancestors were Scandinavians," said Mrs. Arnold.

"Who are they?" asked Maggie, with surprise. "I never heard of them before."

"That's because you're a girl," said Stephen, contemptuously, "and never studied history."

Charlie gave a little grunt at this, and said,

"Girls don't know much, any way."

Their father reproved them both for this. He reminded Stephen that when he was Maggie's age he did not know any more than Maggie. And he added,

"When you are a little older, Stephen, I hope you will find out how little you *do* know, and then you will be more patient with others."

Mr. Arnold saw that Stephen looked thoroughly ashamed, so he said no more to him, but, turning to Maggie, told her that the people who lived in Denmark, Sweden and Norway were called Scandinavians.

Maggie was so pleased with the rebuke papa had given Stephen that her eyes fairly danced with delight, and she wondered why he had not scolded Charlie at the same time. Her papa never made fun of her for asking questions; he was "just the nicest papa in the world."

"And are grandma's stories about the Scan—I forget it. Papa, what do you call them, again?"

"S, c, a, n, scan; d, i, di; n, a, na; v, i, vi; a, n, s, ans—Scandinavians. Spell it after me, Maggie."

Maggie did so, several times; and then her father picked up and unrolled a sheet that had curled itself up as soon as he dropped it, and began to read.

## CHAPTER II.

### *CULDEES.—JOHN WICKLIFFE.*

“ I AM going to tell my grandchildren stories which my grandmother told me.”

“ What a memory grandmother must have had !” said Stephen, interrupting his father.

“ Wait a moment,” said Mr. Arnold. “ She explains that ;” and he continued reading :

“ Not that I have remembered every word of what she told me so long ago. But as, in later years, I read the history of Scotland, these stories came back to me with more or less distinctness. I remember she used to tell me about the Culdees away back in the second, third and part of the fourth centuries. These people, having been driven by persecution from the southern part of Great Britain, took refuge in Scotland. They built for themselves humble and soli-

tary hermitages on the steep mountains or in the green valleys, and devoted themselves to the service of God. They instructed the ignorant and strengthened the weak. In the Gaelic tongue they were called *Gille De*—servants of God. In Latin their name was *Cultores Dei*—worshippers of God; and here we find whence comes their name, Culdees.”

Stephen looked very wise over this. He was very much interested in the study of words.

“In token of respect to the Culdees, their cells were, after their death, turned into churches. Several hundred years passed away. The influence of the Culdees grew less and less. The gospel light became dimmer and dimmer, until it was like a mere speck, a feeble glimmer.

“I must tell you about St. Margaret, the Saxon wife of the Celtic king Malcolm III.—or Malcolm Canmore, as he was called—who lived in the Middle Ages. Margaret was a woman of high intellectual endowments and earnest piety. It had been her wish to enter a nunnery and spend her whole

life in devotion; and when she became a queen, she took under her special care the interests of religion.

“Under Margaret’s reign Romanism was greatly advanced in the kingdom. The old doctrines taught by the Culdees were heretical in her eyes. She called councils of the Scottish clergy, often appearing in person in these assemblies and arguing in her own Saxon language, while her husband, with his native Gaelic, acted as interpreter. The king sustained the queen and added his royal sanction. But the Saxon party was hated by the Celtic population; and when Malcolm died, Margaret’s sons were denied the throne, and as soon as the Scottish people had secured control of Church affairs they rejected almost all the changes Margaret had made.

“It used to be the custom in the early Celtic Church to keep Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath, as a day of rest from labor, and Sunday as a day of rejoicing in memory of the Lord’s resurrection. They understood the commandment to mean that they must rest from work on the seventh day,



instead of on the resurrection-day. Queen Margaret insisted upon the single and strict observance of the Lord's day. People and clergy submitted, but without giving up their reverence for Saturday, which soon became a half holy day preparatory for Sunday.

"Queen Margaret was the first among the sovereigns of Scotland to interfere in spiritual matters, and Rome rewarded her for her services by making her a saint.

"After this we read of monks and nuns imported into Scotland from abroad. Monasteries and abbeys were erected, and a large portion of the best land in the country came into the hands of these foreign monks and nuns. Papacy spread its wings over the country. A second reinforcement of friars brought in a number of Dominicans and Franciscans. The pope received a large revenue from Scotland, and his hand was quite heavy upon the people. This was in the thirteenth century.

"In the fourteenth century God raised up a Reformer in England—John Wickliffe. One of his followers, John Resby, came into

Scotland, preaching Christ. 'The pope is nothing,' he dared to say. John Resby had to suffer death for putting Christ before the pope."

"How dreadful!" exclaimed Maggie.

"Oh, that's nothing," said Charlie; "they did that lots of times."

"Did what, Charlie?" inquired his father, giving him a curious look.

"Burnt people for believing such things," said Charlie.

"I think you wouldn't have called it nothing if you had been John Resby," remarked Stephen.

Mr. Arnold continued reading:

"The Lollards, the disciples of Wicliffe, gave the second impulse to the Reformation."

"Did they call the disciples of Wicliffe 'Lollards'?" asked Charlie.

"Yes," answered Mr. Arnold.—"Soon after John Resby's day Paul Crawar came from Prague into Scotland. His preaching was no more acceptable than Resby's. He was led to the stake to be burned. This bold Bohemian, with the fire kindling at

his feet, told the priests who stood around him that they were enemies of the truth. 'Generation of Satan,' he said, 'you, like your fathers, are enemies of the truth.' To prevent the crowd who gathered at the execution from hearing any more such bold words, the priests ordered a ball of brass put into the martyr's mouth, and in silence the spirit of Paul Cawar escaped from his tortured body and went up into the presence of his God.

"But some of Paul Cawar's words spoken from the pulpit made a deep impression on the heart of the archbishop, who was a nephew of James I. This archbishop of St. Andrew's—Patrick Graham by name—was a great and good man. The word of God took deep root in his heart. He thought to reform the Church, but the anger of priests and bishops rose against him, and he was sent to prison for life."

"There goes three already," exclaimed Charlie—"John Resby, Paul Cawar and Patrick Graham. How many more will we have before we get through?"

Mr. Arnold continued:

“After this came struggles between kings and nobles. Priests provoked kings to fight against nobles, and through the reigns of James II. and III. of Scotland these struggles continued. But a change came in the reign of James IV. He thought the nobles the ornament and strength of Scotland.

“And now appears the first glimmering of the Reformation light. Some pious men began to say openly that the pope, who pretends to be greater than God, is against God. The priests say the bread in the sacrament of the Lord’s Supper changes into Christ’s body; these men declared it did not change. The priests say priests must not marry; these men say they may. Of course the anger of the Romish Church fell on those who dared to think and say these things.

“The great and wealthy landholders in Scotland were called lairds (‘lords’). I must tell you about one of these lairds, whose name was John Campbell. He was not naturally a brave man, but he was very kind and merciful to the poor; and, being fully impressed with the truth of the gospel of Christ, he did what he could to pro-

tect those who opposed Romanism. His wife was well acquainted with Bible truth, and every morning the family and the servants assembled in a room of the mansion, while a priest who acted as their chaplain read and explained the New Testament. The Testament was a very rare book at that time. After worship and breakfast the Campbells used to visit the sick and the poor. At dinner they invited neighbors and friends—monks as well as gentlefolks.

“One day the monks, suspecting John Campbell of heresy, asked crafty questions until they led him to say things they called heretical. They hastened from the dinner-table to denounce the laird of Cessnock and his wife, and their lives were in great danger.

“The king of Scotland at this time was James IV., who married Margaret Tudor, daughter of Henry VII. of England. As this king looked back upon his past life he remembered with remorse his great sins, and he had no peace because he did not believe in the blood of Jesus washing away the ‘stains of sins that are past;’ so he tried



by acts of justice to make amends for his unrighteousness.

“Campbell appealed to the king to protect him. The king called Campbell and the monks to appear before him. The laird was timid before the monks, but the laird's wife, who went with him, was full of courage. When the king requested her to speak, she answered the monks boldly and fully out of the Bible she knew so well. The king then clearly saw the falsehoods of the monks, and he declared to them that if ever again they persecuted honest people they should be severely punished. He praised the lady for her part in this matter, and presented the laird with the revenues of several villages.

“The Campbells joyfully went home, while the monks were filled with shame and vexation. Others were accused by the monks at this time, but unsuccessfully.

“This happened about the year 1512—the year in which Luther, toiling up Pilate's Staircase at Rome, heard these words sounding in his heart: ‘Now the just shall live by faith.’”

"I know about that," exclaimed Charlie.

"So do I," responded Maggie.

Mr. Arnold laid down the roll of papers and looked from one to the other, but said nothing.

After a pause Maggie said,

"Papa, what are you thinking about?"

"I was thinking about making a bundle of Reformation stories for you."

At this proposal mother and all joyfully exclaimed,

"Oh, do!"

"When will they be ready?" asked Paul.

Father smiled and said,

"Wait till grandma's bundle has become exhausted."

"I hope your bundle will have Luther in, and Melancthon," said Josie.

"It seems to me, George, the children ought to have your bundle first, unless you stop and explain many things as you read, for they do not know anything about the Reformation."

"I believe you are right. Well, I am willing to begin at the very beginning: the children can ask me all the questions they

like. Or they can read D'Aubigné's *History of the Reformation*. There it is."

The children looked in the direction in which he pointed, and several deep sighs were heard, which made both father and mother laugh.

"Thirteen volumes!" exclaimed Charlie, and Maggie fairly looked doleful.

Stephen proposed that his father should read them all, and then give them the best of it in his most interesting way. When Stephen said, "In your most interesting way," there was another laugh, his manner was so droll.

When father consented to this arrangement, there was an expression of relief on the faces of the little group; and Paul, who delights in history, looked as if he anticipated a great treat. So grandmother's stories were put back in the trunk.

## CHAPTER III.

### *THE YOUTH OF LUTHER.*

THE next Sabbath, Mr. Arnold noticed the children occasionally reading volumes of the Reformation history and then looking at him as if they were preparing questions; but he made no remarks about it.

In the evening, as they came in from tea, he sat down in his easy-chair, folded his arms and said,

“Now for questions. Who takes the lead?”

Instantly Maggie and Charlie opened a volley of questions: “What was the use of the Reformation, any way?”—“There wouldn’t have been any if it hadn’t been for Luther, would there?”—“What made them have priests and pope if they did not like them?”—“How did they all get to be Roman Catholics?” and a host more that I cannot remember.

Mr. Arnold shut his eyes and put up

both hands in front of his face, as if to ward off the questions that flew so thick and fast. Then he said,

"We will try to answer all your questions; only give us one at a time. Charlie's question is a good one for a beginning. There was great need for the Reformation, and Luther was the chief instrument in God's hands to accomplish it. As D'Aubigné expresses it, 'the Church of Rome is seen under Leo X. in all its strength and glory. A monk speaks, and in half of Europe this power and glory suddenly crumbles into dust.'"

Paul looked intently at Mr. Arnold, but said nothing.

"Paul, do you know anything about Luther?"

"No, uncle."

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Stephen; "how long is it going to take us, if we have to stop and explain everything?"

"I don't see what difference it makes how long we take," said Josie; "we have plenty of Sunday evenings before us."

Paul looked at his uncle, as if waiting to



hear an explanation of who Luther was; but he still said nothing.

Mr. Arnold noticed his look, and began:

"Luther was born in the little town of Eisleben, Saxony. His father was an upright man who read every book that he could lay his hands upon."

"I don't see how he found time," remarked Paul.

"Books were rare then, Paul," said his aunt.

"I've seen a picture of Luther holding a Bible that had a chain fastened to it. What did that mean, father?" questioned Maggie.

"It was chained to a pillar in the convent, Maggie."

"Didn't he have any Bible of his own?" asked Paul, opening wide his round eyes in astonishment.

"No."

"When did he first see one? Was that chained one the first he ever saw?" asked Charlie.

"When he was eighteen years old, studying in the university at Erfurth, he used to spend all the time he could spare from his

studies in the university library. One day, after he had been there two years, he was opening books in the library, one after the other, in order to read the names of the authors, when he found a Bible. He read the title, examined the volume, and was astonished to find more than the fragments of the Gospels and Epistles which the Church had chosen to be read at Sunday services. Until that time he had thought that they were the whole of the word of God."

"I wonder what was the first thing he read?" said Paul.

"It was the story of Hannah and little Samuel. He read as long as he could spare the time, and then went away with a heart full of longing for a Bible of his own."

"It was a Latin Bible," said Stephen.

"Yes. 'This book,' says D'Aubigné, 'deposited upon the unknown shelves of a dark room, is soon to become the book of life to a whole nation. The Reformation lay hid in that Bible.' Perhaps," added Mr. Arnold, "the book had never been moved since it was first placed there."

"Not since they cleaned house," remarked

Maggie; and then she added, thoughtfully, "Perhaps they didn't clean house at the university, because they were all men there."

"I guess you're right, puss," said her father.

"What kind of a mother had Luther?" asked Josie.

"Yes; that I'd like to know," said Paul, looking at his aunt as he spoke.

"She was called a model mother by the mothers of her neighborhood—a modest, pious woman."

"In what year was Luther born?" asked Stephen.

"In 1483, on the eve of St. Martin's day. His father carried him the next day to St. Peter's church, and there he was baptized, and was named in memory of the day."

"Not St. Peter's at Rome," said Charlie, looking at Paul. "That would be too far off to carry a small baby."

"Was it in summer?" asked Maggie, in thoughtful consideration of the baby's health.

"No; it was in November," said Mr. Arnold.

"Oh, well, Mag, you know how they wrap

up babies head and all. I suppose it didn't make any difference."

"Were his father and mother rich?" asked Maggie. "If they were, I suppose they took a carriage."

"No; they were poor peasants. Luther wrote about them: 'My parents were very poor. My father was a woodcutter, and my mother often carried the wood on her back that she might earn wherewith to bring up us children. They endured the hardest labor for our sakes.'"

"I suppose little Martin helped carry the wood," remarked Paul.

"It would be just like him, Paul," said Josie.

"Martin's father worked hard in order to earn enough to send him to school, and both his parents were very careful to train him in the fear of the Lord. At the same time, they often punished him in a way that seemed cruel to the child, and that was cruel, though they did not intend to be so. At school, too, he used to be treated severely. One day his teacher flogged him fifteen times."

"Now, he couldn't have been a good boy," remarked Paul, "to need so many whippings."

"But he did grow to be a good man," said Maggie.

"I think parents and teachers were more severe in old times," said Mrs. Arnold. "Poor little Martin was cruelly treated both at home and at school."

"Well, any way, I guess his goodness didn't come on till he grew up. Besides," added Maggie, "he hadn't any Bible, you know."

"But his father and mother were good," said Paul, "and I suppose they hadn't any Bible."

"The Bible was read—at least, parts of it—at the public services," remarked Mrs. Arnold.

"At school," said Mr. Arnold, "he was taught the ten commandments, the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, some hymns and some forms of prayer; he also studied Latin. The only feeling he had about God was fear; he said he used to turn pale with terror at the sound of the name of Christ,



for he thought of him only as being an angry judge."

Tears came into Josie's eyes; she was thinking of all Christ had done for her. That night, before she fell asleep, she wondered what she could do to show the Saviour her gratitude; for he was daily becoming more precious to her. She loved him because he first loved her.

"John Luther sent his son to the Franciscan school at Magdeburg when he was fourteen years old. At Magdeburg he heard Andreas Proles preach about the necessity of reforming religion and the Church."

"Perhaps that set him thinking," suggested Mrs. Arnold.

"No doubt it did. We read that during this school-life Luther and his companions used to beg food from door to door. One day, about Christmas-time, they were going through the neighboring villages, from house to house, singing carols about the infant Jesus. They stopped in front of the door of a peasant, who, when he heard them sing, came out with some food. In a rough voice he called them, and the boys were

terrified and ran as fast as they could, they were so used to blows and tyranny from their teachers. At last, however, as he continued to call, they came back, and received the food he offered them. Before the first year was over, Martin Luther's parents sent him to another school, at Eisenach, thinking he would find it easier to support himself there. He also had relations at Eisenach, but they did not trouble themselves about him, or else they were too poor to help him."

"I have read that in many German towns this custom of singing for bread is still kept, and sometimes very good music is heard along the streets," said Mrs. Arnold.

"Oh," said Josie, "I have read about Luther's singing at Ursula's door."

"Who was she?" asked Maggie.

"She was a kind woman who heard some one driving Luther away with harsh words. He felt real sorrowful and discouraged, and was wondering whether he would have to give up his studies and go to work with his father in the mines, when this woman opened her door and called him into her house. She

gave him more than bread: she gave him a home."

"What a good woman!" exclaimed Paul.

Mr. Arnold said,

"Luther always looked back with pleasure to the time when he lived in the peaceful home of the Cottas."

"Was that her name?"

"Yes, Paul; her husband's name was Conrad Cotta.—And I think Josie read that story in the *Schönburg-Cotta Family*."

Josie said she had read it. Not long after, Maggie read the whole book aloud to Judge Green, who was suffering from inflammation of the eyes. You remember, the judge and Maggie were warm friends, and Maggie said if he were willing to spend a whole evening riding down hill with her she ought to be willing to do something for him; so she read aloud to him, and they both seemed to enjoy it very much.

"When Luther became a great man, he used to say that the early trials of poverty and toil had done him great good."

"I don't see how," said Charles.—"Perhaps you do, Paul, for you're such a funny

little chap you see more than I do sometimes."

"Sometimes things we don't like are good for us," said Paul, looking at his aunt as he spoke; and Mrs. Arnold and Paul both glanced at the little leg, now growing more shapely and straight.

"Mother and Paul always understand each other," remarked Josie.

"Did you say Luther went into a convent?" asked Charlie.—"Josie," he said, turning to his sister, "I thought you said you had read all about him?"

"I did read some, but I have forgotten."

"At Eisenach one of the professors used to take off his hat and bow to his scholars when he entered the room. That was a great condescension in those days, and very different from the treatment Luther had formerly received. Asked one day why he did this, the professor replied, 'There are among these youths some whom God will one day raise to the rank of burgomasters, chancellors, doctors and magistrates, and it is proper to treat them with respect.' Luther was much impressed with this answer. His

father wanted him to study law, and in the year 1501 he went to the University at Erfurth. He was eager for knowledge, and soon outstripped his schoolfellows. The whole university admired his genius."

"There was where he found the Bible," said Charlie.

"Yes," said Paul; "we will not forget that."

"He won't forget any of it," whispered Charlie to Josie.

"At this time of his life Luther was very thoughtful," continued Mr. Arnold. "He began every day with prayer, and went to church every morning before he began to study."

"Church every day!" exclaimed Charlie; and a little sigh escaped him.

"Luther studied so hard that it made him sick," said Mr. Arnold.

"I hope Charlie won't do that," dryly remarked Stephen.

Charlie was just going to be angry, when he looked at his mother and saw a merry twinkle in her eye. And then his father said,



"I think Stephen is growing pale over that composition of his."

At this Stephen blushed, for he had not yet commenced his composition, and his father knew it.

"He doesn't look very pale now," said Paul; and they all laughed, excepting Stephen, who was now pretty red in the face.

"Did Luther get well?" asked Maggie.

"Oh, you goose! Of course he did, or how could he have been a Reformer?" said Stephen.

"I forgot," said Maggie.—"Please go on, father."

"Luther thought he was going to die, and he told his fears to an old priest who visited him. But the priest answered, 'Take courage; you will not die this time. Our God will yet use you to comfort others, for God lays his cross upon those whom he loves, and those who bear it patiently gain much wisdom.' When Luther rose from his sick-bed, some new thoughts were in his heart. He returned to his law-studies to please his father, but God had other things in store for him. His conscience troubled him; he be-

gan to feel that he ought first to seek the salvation of his soul."

"Was that when he climbed the Staircase?" asked Josie.

"What was that for?" inquired Paul.

"I will tell you soon about that," said Mr. Arnold.—"Just at this time one of his college friends, named Alexis, was shot. This sudden death made him ask himself, 'What would become of me if I were thus suddenly called away?' When his next vacation came, he took a journey home to see his parents; but he seems not to have told his father of the desire he had to be a priest, for the idle life of most of the priests was very offensive to the industrious miner John Luther. On his way back to Erfurth he was overtaken by a violent storm. The thunder roared; a thunderbolt sank into the ground by his side. Death, judgment and eternity seemed before him in all their terrors, and he vowed that if God would keep him from death he would forsake the world and devote himself to God's service. He felt now that he must become holy; he thirsted for holiness as he once thirsted for knowledge. But where

shall he find it? The only way he knew was to enter a convent."

"If only some one could have told him how Jesus saves!" said Josie, timidly.

"Yes, Josie; but no one at this time was near to tell him that the just must live by faith. He went back to Erfurth, and kept his resolution secret for a time; but one evening he invited his friends to a simple, cheerful supper. It was his farewell to the world. All merry society he is now ready to give up; God calls, and he must give up all things. While the friends are in the midst of their gayety, Luther tells them of his determination. They oppose it with all their might, and that very night he secretly leaves the university and goes to the convent of St. Augustine."

"I wonder if he carried his trunk on his back, as Dr. Goodell did?" said Maggie.

Mr. Arnold walked to the bookcase, and, taking down the first volume of D'Aubigné's *History of the Reformation*, soon found the place and read,

"'He leaves his books and furniture, taking only *Virgil* and *Plautus*.'"

“What were they?” asked Maggie.

“Two Latin books; he had not yet a Bible.—Furnished with these two books, he goes alone in the darkness of the night to the convent of the hermits of St. Augustine. He asks admittance. The door opens, and closes again. Behold him for ever separated from his parents, from his companions in study and from the world. It was on the 17th of August, 1505. Luther was then twenty-one years and nine months old. At length, he thinks, he is with God. His soul is safe. He is now to obtain that holiness he so ardently desires. The monks who gathered around him were filled with admiration, commending his decision and renunciation of the world.

“As soon as Luther was in the convent he wrote to his friends, bidding them farewell. He sent away the clothes he wore at the university, that nothing might remind him of his past life. Full of grief, his friends hastened to the convent to beg him not to bury his talents there. But the doors were closed against them, and no one was allowed to see him.”

"Was his father angry?" asked Charlie.

"Yes, he was—very angry; he had other plans for his son, and he never liked the monks' life."

"What did he do about it, father?"

"He wrote him an angry letter, withdrawing his favor and love. I do not know how his mother felt about it. Some time after this, two of Luther's brothers died of the plague, and some one told the father that Luther also was dead. His friends thought in this way to make him willing that Luther should be a monk.

"If it is a false report,' they said, 'at least sanctify your present affliction by consenting that your son should be a monk.'

"Well, be it so,' said his sorrowful father, 'and God grant that he may prosper.'

"And when, some time after, Luther told his father what had led him to a monastic life, his father said,

"God grant that you may not have mistaken a delusion of the devil for a sign from Heaven.'"

"Father," asked Charlie, "was it right to shut himself up in a convent?"



"He thought it was going to save his soul," replied his father.

"Yes, but was it right?"

"I will leave you to answer that for yourself by and by, Charlie. Wait till you know more about what convent-life is like. The Luther of that time was not the Luther of later years."

"Was he a Roman Catholic?" asked Paul.

"He had been brought up in the Romish Church," replied Mr. Arnold. "Suppose you keep your questions until you have heard more of Luther's life, and then ask me as many as you like."

The children agreed to this, and Mr. Arnold took up the *History of the Reformation* and read:

"'Luther was then looking for salvation in *himself*—in works and observances; he knew not that salvation cometh of God only. He sought to establish his own righteousness and his own glory, being ignorant of the righteousness and the glory of God. But what he was then ignorant of he soon learned. It was in the cloister of Erfurth that the great change in his heart came.'"

Paul wanted to ask what "cloister" meant, but he thought he would remember it and ask his uncle afterward.

"Martin Luther changed his name when he entered the convent, and took that of Augustine. The monks received him joyfully; nevertheless, they made him do the hardest kind of work. Perhaps they wished to humble him and teach him that his great learning did not make him any better than his brethren. And, though they were proud to see one of the greatest scholars in the university coming to join their order, yet the convent could get no profit from his studies; it was better to have his labor. He was obliged to be doorkeeper, to open and shut the gates, to wind up the clock, to sweep the church and to clean the rooms. Then, when the poor monk, who was at once porter, sexton and servant of the cloister, had finished his work, 'With your bag through the town!' cried the brothers; and, loaded with his bread-bag, he was obliged to go through the streets of Erfurth begging from house to house, and perhaps at the doors of those very persons who had been

either his friends or his inferiors. But he bore it all. Inclined, from his natural disposition, heartily to devote himself to whatever he undertook, it was with his whole soul that he had become a monk. Besides, could he wish to spare the body, to regard the satisfying of the flesh? Not thus could he acquire the humility, the holiness, that he had come to seek within the walls of a cloister.

“The poor monk, overwhelmed with toil, eagerly availed himself of every moment he could snatch from his degrading occupations. He sought to retire apart from his companions and give himself up to his beloved studies, but the brethren soon perceived this, came about him with murmurs, and forced him to leave his books: ‘Come, come! It is not by study, but by begging bread, corn, eggs, fish, meat and money, that you can benefit the cloister;’ and Luther submitted, put away his books and resumed his bag.”

“And was that the way they who lived in convents supported themselves?” cried Stephen.

“Yes.”

"No wonder Luther's father hated to have him become a beggar," said Charlie.

"God was leading Luther in his own way; the great Reformer had first heavily to feel the burden of Romish errors and abuses before he began to deliver others from them," remarked Mr. Arnold. "When his fellow-students at the university learned of his severe toils at the convent, they interceded with the prior, who freed Luther from his labors and gave him time for study. He read and studied much, especially the chained Bible he found in the convent. Sometimes he would spend a whole day thinking over a single passage. He learned portions of this Latin Bible by heart, and also studied the Scriptures in Greek and in Hebrew."

Holding in his hands the volume of the Reformation history, Mr. Arnold looked up and met Paul's eager, questioning eyes.

"Do you want to ask anything, Paul?" he said.

"Yes, uncle, ever so much; but I'll wait till you get through."

Mr. Arnold continued reading:

"The young monk applied himself to his studies with so much zeal that often for two or three weeks together he would omit the prescribed prayers."

"What kind of prayers are they?" asked Maggie.

"Why, they are obliged to spend just so many hours every day saying prayers," said Josie.

"How tiresome!" exclaimed Charlie.

"After neglecting prayers for a time, Luther used to be alarmed by the thought that he had broken the rules of the convent, and he did penance by shutting himself up and repeating all the prayers he had neglected. Once he passed seven weeks almost without sleep."

"They must have had a large book of prayers," said Maggie.

"No; they said one prayer over a great many times," answered Mrs. Arnold.

"Doing penance is as bad as Bridget. Why, father, Luther was a regular Roman Catholic, wasn't he?" said Maggie.

"He was brought up one, and he did not yet know any better," remarked Stephen.



"He was all the time longing for holiness," said Mr. Arnold, "but he did not know how to get it. He fasted and prayed and punished his flesh, hoping he could in this way earn heaven."

"Didn't he get to be a great eater when he became a Protestant?" asked Charlie.

His father smiled, and Stephen said, "To make up for lost time, Charlie?"

"No; Luther never cared much about his eating. He never was used to a generous, rich diet, and even after he had learned that heaven could not be earned in this way he contented himself with the poorest food, sometimes going four days together without eating or drinking."

"I don't believe it!" exclaimed Charlie.

"History says so," answered his father.

"And Luther wasn't the man to take a sly bite," said Stephen, "or to make a Dr. Tanner of himself just for a sensation."

"Why did he do it?" asked Paul.

"He was too busy to think or to care about himself, and, as I said before, he was always used to scanty fare. Melancthon mentions it in his *Life of Luther*.

"We don't know who Melanchthon is yet," said Paul.

"The little chap doesn't feel inclined to believe him till he knows all about who he is," said Stephen, laughing at his own conceit.

"When Luther became a Reformer, he wrote once to the duke of Saxony, 'I was a devout monk, and followed the rules of my order so strictly that I cannot tell you all. If ever a monk entered into heaven by his monkish merits, certainly I should have obtained an entrance there. All the monks who knew me will confirm this; and if it had lasted much longer, I should have become literally a martyr through watchings, prayer, reading and other labors.'

"But Luther did not find peace: he wanted to feel sure that he was saved. This was the great need of his soul; without it he could not rest. But the fears that had shaken him in the world pursued him to his cell. They increased there. The Bible taught him what it was to be holy, but he was filled with terror at finding neither in his heart nor in his life the holiness he saw

portrayed in the sacred word. No righteousness within ; no righteousness in works ; sin—sin, everywhere.

“ The monks encouraged him to do good works and in that way satisfy divine justice. ‘ But what works,’ said he, ‘ can proceed out of a heart like mine ? How can I stand before a holy Judge ?’ With astonishment the stupid monks watched his distress, while they complained of his silent and unsocial manners.

“ One day, while mass was being performed in the chapel, Luther sat in great anguish. The priest had bowed before the altar, the incense had been offered, the Gloria chanted, and the Gospel was being read, when suddenly Luther fell upon his knees, exclaiming, ‘ It is not I ! It is not I !’ The monks were amazed ; the solemn service was for an instant interrupted. The Gospel being read was an account of the dumb man out of whom Jesus cast a devil. The monks used to say the distress of mind, which they saw but could not understand, was owing to secret intercourse with the devil.

“ ‘ I tormented myself to death to procure

peace for my troubled conscience, but nowhere found peace,'” read Mr. Arnold.

“I hope he'll find peace soon,” said Paul.

“He used to shut himself up in his cell, and would not allow any one to come near him. One day they brought some young boys to sing at his cell-door. They knocked and knocked, and then some one broke open the door and found Luther lying senseless on the floor.

“About this time the vicar-general came to inspect the convent. He noticed the pale, thin Luther and talked with him. He had passed through distress like Luther's, and understood now the way of peace. When Luther told him of all his fears and torments, the vicar-general said, ‘Why do you distress yourself? Look to the wounds of Christ, to the blood which he has shed for you. Instead of torturing yourself for sin, cast yourself into the arms of the Redeemer. Trust in him, in the righteousness of his life, in the expiatory sacrifice of his death. God is not against you : it is you who are against God. Listen to the Son of God. If you

wish to be converted, do not do penances, but love Him who has first loved you.'

"Joy now came into Luther's heart. 'It is Jesus Christ,' he says, 'who comforts me so wonderfully by these sweet words.' And now the Bible verses which once alarmed him 'seem to spring up and play around him.'"

"I am so glad!" said Paul. The little boy had eagerly listened to every word, though he could not understand all.

"Doubts came and went: it was not all joy; but by daily careful Bible study the way of salvation gradually grew plain to him."

"What was the vicar-general's name, father?" inquired Josie.

"John Staupitz. He gave a Bible to Luther, who at last had one of his own and was no longer obliged to go to the chained convent Bible or to the cell of some brother-monk. But all these anxious thoughts and fastings broke down his health, and he became severely sick. Then all his terrors came back. He was afraid to die. Thoughts of his sins and of God's holiness distressed him greatly.



“One day, when overwhelmed with despair, an old monk entered his cell and spoke kindly to him. After some conversation the monk repeated these words of the Creed: ‘I believe in the forgiveness of sins.’ On his bed of suffering Luther found consolation, and as the aged monk added, ‘Thy sins are forgiven thee,’ light shone in on his soul: he believed the word and trusted in the grace of Christ Jesus.”

“I thought he was converted when he went up the Staircase?” said Josie.

“Wait till uncle gets through,” said Paul, without turning his eyes from his uncle’s face.

“When he was comforted, he quickly recovered. Soon the time came for him to be ordained priest. He invited his father to come to the ceremony, for he wanted to be perfectly reconciled to him. He came, and brought Luther a present of money.

“When the bishop, at Luther’s consecration, put into his hand the cup and gave him power to celebrate the mass, he addressed to him these solemn words: ‘Receive the power of offering sacrifice for the

living and the dead.'—'At that time,' says Luther, 'I listened calmly to those words, but now they make me shudder. I wonder the earth did not open and swallow us both. It was an instance of the patience and the long-suffering of the Lord.'

"After three years in the convent, Luther was chosen professor in the Wittenberg University. Here, daily, at one o'clock, he lectured on the Bible. At this time his home was in a convent, and he spent many hours in his peaceful cell studying the Bible. John Staupitz invited him to preach in the church of the Augustines. This he dreaded to do, but finally was persuaded. Crowds went to hear him. Then he was called to preach in one of the city churches."

Mr. Arnold suddenly stopped:

"It is past the children's bedtime, and I am making my story too long."

Without waiting for any one to speak, he put down the book and left the room.

## CHAPTER IV.

### LUTHER AT ROME.

“UNCLE, it was well you went out of the room, for we would have asked you lots of questions and auntie never would have got us to bed.”

Mr. Arnold smiled as Maggie said,

“I do believe that was the reason father went out.”

“And Stephen went too,” said Charlie.

“But he took the *History* with him,” said Josie.

“I couldn’t wait,” answered Stephen.

“And you read the rest about Luther?” questioned Paul.

“Yes.”

Paul looked disappointed.

“Where did we leave off last Sunday?” asked Mr. Arnold.

“Where Luther was called to preach in one of the city churches,” answered Josie.

“Luther’s preaching changed the city of

Wittemberg, and the pure word of God soon spread over Germany and over other countries. Other teachers and preachers were raised up by God," read Mr. Arnold.

"I would like to know about the other countries," said Paul.

"What a boy you are for history!" said Josie.

Mr. Arnold, holding the first volume of D'Aubigné history in his hand and pointing to the other twelve, said,

"You will have history enough before we get through all those books."

"Are you going to read them or talk them?" inquired Paul.

"Talk them, for the most part. I am going to read them to myself, and then tell you all I can remember that will be interesting. For fear of forgetting, I will keep the book in hand, and then I can read short extracts that I want you to hear word for word."

"I wonder what kind of a preacher Luther was?" said Josie.

"He was very earnest and eloquent and had a clear, loud voice and a dignified man-

ner. His fame spread far and wide, and crowds flocked to hear him. His busy life was very different from the life he led in the convent. Teaching and preaching filled up all his time, and he was happy. He was now at last in his right place, and the work of God was about to open out its majestic course before him.

"A difference having arisen between the Augustine convents and the vicar-general, Luther was sent to Rome to have it settled. Luther looked upon Rome as the seat of holiness. Rome was the head of the Church, you know."

"I thought the pope was?" remarked Maggie.

"Well, Mag, the pope lived at Rome, you know. I suppose the reason Luther went there was because he wanted to see him," said Charlie.

"That journey to Rome was full of surprises to Luther. To a poor German monk the table of the wealthy Benedictines in Italy was a scandal as well as a surprise. The monks lived in the greatest luxury—rich dresses, magnificent furniture, delicate



food ; what did the humble Augustine think of it ? At first he looked on in silent amazement ; but when Good Friday came and he saw an abundance of meat on the table, he could keep still no longer. ‘The Church and the pope forbid such things,’ he said. This offended the Benedictines. Luther repeated it, and threatened to report their conduct. They soon made him feel that they did not care to have him stay any longer ; so he journeyed to Bologna, where he was taken sick. Some have thought the offended monks gave him poison, but it is more likely that the rich food made him sick ; for he was more used to eating dry bread and herrings. His doubts and fears came back during his sickness ; his sins again disturbed him, and he was afraid of the judgment. But when his terror was the highest, for his comfort God sent these words of Paul : ‘The just shall live by faith.’ It beamed into his dark soul like a ray of light from heaven, and he was consoled. Rapidly his strength returned, and again he set out for Rome.”

“There was where he went up the holy

stairs," exclaimed Charlie; "I've read about that."

"I'd like to hear it," said Maggie.

Paul said nothing, but he listened with all his might.

Mr. Arnold continued:

"Have patience and you will hear it all.—As Luther came in sight of the city he threw himself on the ground, exclaiming, 'Holy Rome, I salute thee!' He visited all the churches and chapels, believed all the stories told him, and performed many pious acts. One day, wishing to obtain an indulgence promised by the pope to any one who should ascend on his knees what is called 'Pilate's Staircase,' Luther undertook it."

"Why, I didn't think he would be so silly," exclaimed Maggie.

"How it must have tired him!" said Paul. "Did he get all the way up?"

"No. On the way a voice of thunder spoke to his soul: 'The just shall live by faith.' Twice had these words done him good; this time they were to have more power over him than they had had before. He started up in alarm, was horrified at

what he was doing, and was filled with shame. He fled from the scene of his folly.

"And now this monk, who has sought so long after holiness, understands that the perfect righteousness of Christ is the only righteousness that can stand in the sight of God, and that it freely passes upon every penitent sinner who looks to Christ to save him. The grand doctrine of justification by faith became the power of God for Luther's salvation, and it also became the power of God to reform the Church."

"Luther used to say," remarked Mrs. Arnold, "that this text was to him as the very gate of heaven."

"When Luther received with joy the knowledge that Christ's righteousness saves us, he did not perceive the consequences of such a belief; he was still attached to the Romish Church."

"I don't understand you, father."

"Why, the Romish Church teaches that we can be saved by good works."

"Does it, father?"

"And Luther worked hard to be saved in that way," said Mrs. Arnold.

"Father, I don't exactly see how the Roman Catholic religion began," said Stephen.

"It must have begun in Rome, didn't it?" inquired Josie.

"I see you have not yet given the subject much thought," remarked Mr. Arnold.

"Paul preached in Rome," said Stephen, "and didn't he start a church there? That must have been a Protestant church."

"The term 'Protestant' was not then known. It arose when men began to *protest* against the errors of the Romish Church."

"What means 'protest'?" asked Paul.

"Men who saw where the Church was teaching different doctrine from that which Christ taught boldly declared their opinion; they protested against error. So they were called 'Protestants.'"

"Were the monks and priests all bad people?" asked Maggie.

"Not all of them; I have read of some very good Romanists."

"Were the popes bad?" asked Charlie.

"The vices and the crimes of the popes would make a chapter I would not like to have you read."

“ Paul founded a church in Rome, and its first pastors, or bishops, employed themselves in efforts to convert to the faith of Christ the towns and villages around the city. Naturally, the churches established in these neighboring places looked with gratitude to the mother-church at Rome ; its bishops were their guides and teachers. The bishops soon began to demand reverence and submission ; were they not bishops of the greatest, richest and most powerful city in the world ? ”

“ I remember father's reading about Paul's going a prisoner to Rome, and the shipwreck,” said Maggie.

“ I remember about the shipwreck,” said little Paul.

“ They were shipwrecked at Melita.— Wasn't that Malta, father ? ” asked Stephen.

“ Yes.”

“ When he got to Rome, did he preach ? ” asked Paul.

“ They stayed on the island of Malta three months,” said Stephen.

“ I suppose he preached there,” said Charlie, “ for he preached wherever he went.”



"Yes; he preached everywhere. No doubt he preached to the soldier to whom he was chained," said Mr. Arnold.

"Chained to a soldier!" exclaimed Paul.

"Yes; at Rome, during his imprisonment, he was chained to a soldier. When we remember that, and also remember that he was surrounded by military sights and sounds, we are not surprised at his remarks in the sixth chapter of Ephesians about the whole armor of God and our spiritual warfare."

"Doesn't the Bible say he dwelt in his own hired house at Rome?" asked Josie.

"Yes; but yet he was a prisoner under military keeping, and day and night was chained by the arm to one of Nero's body-guard. Some think two soldiers guarded him by night. He was allowed to see all who came to him, and was able boldly to preach and teach the gospel of Christ."

"Mother doesn't say a word," remarked Charlie.—"You know all about it, don't you, mother?"

"Yes, I have read D'Aubigné's history," answered Mrs. Arnold, smiling.

"True enough, Lucretia; you are not doing your share," said her husband.

"I am satisfied with the way it is going," replied Mrs. Arnold.

"Let us come back to the bishop of Rome," said Mr. Arnold.—"The next thing was to claim that all the bishops derived their authority from the bishop of Rome, and must be under him. He was proclaimed 'ruler of the whole Church.'"

"Then they called him 'pope,'" said Josie.

"Yes; the word in Greek is *papa*—'father.' Who was the first pope, Josie?" asked her father.

"I do not know, sir."

Mr. Arnold looked at each one, but no one answered. At last Charlie said,

"Pius I., I suppose."

"No, no; farther back than that. I have seen a list of popes, and the first one on it is St. Peter."

"What do they mean by penances and indulgences?" abruptly asked Charlie.

"The Romish Church claimed the power of granting forgiveness for sins committed;

salvation was taken out of the hands of God and put into the hands of the priests. Works of penance were ordered on account of sins committed. Men were commanded to fast, to go bareheaded, to wear no linen, to go on pilgrimages, crawl up the holy Staircase, or to go into monasteries or convents," replied Mr. Arnold.

"What means 'monasteries or convents'?" asked Paul.

"Houses where they lived shut out from the world. They spent the greater part of their time in prayer and meditation."

"I wouldn't like that," said Charlie.

"In Italy, during the eleventh century, nobles and peasants, old and young—even children five years old—went in pairs through the villages, towns and cities by thousands without any other covering than a cloth tied round the middle, and visiting the churches in procession in the very depth of winter. Armed with whips, they lashed themselves without pity, and the streets resounded with cries and groans, which drew forth tears of compassion from all who heard them."

"I shouldn't think the people would have

been willing to do such things," exclaimed Charlie.

"They expected to be saved in that way. And when they began to sigh and groan under it, and the priests feared they would resist it, they invented a system of barter known by the name of 'indulgences.' In the time of John, called the *Faster*, archbishop of Constantinople, we see its first commencement. The priests said, 'O penitents, you are unable to perform the penances we have imposed upon you. Well, then, we, the priests of God and your pastors, will take upon ourselves this heavy burden. Who can better fast than we? Who better kneel and recite psalms than ourselves? But for a seven weeks' fast such as are rich shall pay twenty pence; those who are less wealthy, ten pence; and the poor, three pence. And in the same proportion for other things.'"

"Did no one oppose it at first?" inquired Mrs. Arnold.

"Some did, but it was in vain. The priests saw too much money in this device willingly to give it up."

“Father, what do they mean by ‘works of supererogation’?” asked Stephen.

Mr. Arnold turned over a few pages of the volume he held, and read:

“Christ, it was declared, had done much more than was necessary to reconcile God and man. One single drop of his blood would have sufficed for that, but he shed his blood abundantly that he might form for his Church *a treasury* that eternity itself could not exhaust. The supererogatory merits of the saints, the reward of the works they have done beyond and additional to the obligations of duty, have still further enriched this treasury.”

“And the pope,” said Mrs. Arnold, “takes care of and distributes these treasures of grace—these merits of Christ and his saints.”

“Rapidly this system grew to perfection. The burden of many years bowed down the penitent. But suppose death comes before the penance is all performed? Well, the hard taskmasters soon found out a way to gain even by death. The Church declared that there was a fire that purified. In *purgatory* men would suffer until their sins were



purged away, or until money enough had been given by the living to pay for prayers to get them out. Men actually paid money into the treasury of the Church to end the torments of friends who were dead."

"Does the Bible say anything about purgatory?" asked Maggie.

"No, but by a bull the pope declared it."

"'By a bull'!" exclaimed Maggie; and she looked so funny when she said it that they all laughed at her.

"The pope's bull, Maggie, is a law he gives to his people. It is so named from the lead ball or seal affixed to it, which is called a *bull*. If he says there is a place called 'purgatory,' they are bound to believe it; and if he says the prayers of the Church can lift souls out of purgatory and place them in heaven, the people gladly pay for these prayers. Pope Boniface VIII. published a bull by which he declared that all who would join in a pilgrimage to Rome, which was to take place every hundred years, should there receive full and complete indulgence—or forgiveness, we might call it."

"Did anybody go?" asked Charlie.

“In one month two hundred thousand visited Rome. They flocked there from all countries, and brought money for offerings. The sight of so much money led the popes to arrange for pilgrimages oftener. They fixed upon fifty years, afterward on thirty-three, and at last on twenty-five. Then they agreed to sell indulgences at every market-place; so it was no longer necessary to leave home: forgiveness could be bought at one's own door. When this evil was at its height, the Reformer arose.”

“People used to pray to saints and to the Virgin Mary, didn't they, father?”

“Bridget prays to the Virgin Mary,” remarked Maggie; “I heard her.”

“Yes; Christ was represented as a stern judge, and the mother of Christ and the angels were prayed to instead of Christ.

“I forgot to tell you that there was a list of sins made with prices attached. One might commit the most horrible sin; if he declared himself penitent and paid the price, it was all forgiven. This led to a great increase of sin. Alexander VI., who was pope when the age of the Reformation began, tried

to poison one of his cardinals. The cardinal, hearing of the plan, caused the box of poisoned sweetmeats to be placed before the pope, who ate them and died."

"How Luther must have scolded at that!" said Maggie.

"We want to hear the rest about Luther at Rome," said Paul. "Please, uncle, tell us more about him."

"Luther left Rome full of grief and indignation on account of the evil he had seen in the Church. He loved the Bible more and more, and studied it more carefully when he returned to Wittenberg. After this he was made doctor of theology, and the solemn vow he then made led to his work as a Reformer."

"What was the vow?" asked Josie.

"He promised to preach Bible doctrines faithfully, to teach them in all purity, to study them all his life, and to defend them so far as God should enable him by arguing and writing against false teachers."

"Oh, that made him fight against the priests," said Charlie; "they were false teachers, weren't they, father?"

"Yes. And from this time Luther saw the path in which the Lord meant him to walk. He fought one evil after the other with a strong arm."

"Did he go next to Scotland?" inquired Maggie, thinking of her grandmother's papers.

"No; he preached and taught in Germany, and studied the Bible carefully and prayerfully. The elector Frederick built a new church at Wittenberg, and sent Staupitz to the Low Countries to collect relics to put in the church. Staupitz was the vicar-general who gave Luther the Bible."

"What are relics?" asked Paul.

"Bones of men and women whom the Church considered unusually holy—hair, skulls and such things."

"How silly to care for their bones!" said Josie.

"The vicar-general told Luther to take his place in his absence, and part of Luther's work was to visit forty monasteries. You may be sure he tried to make the way of salvation as plain to these monks as it had become to him. Salvation by faith in Jesus

Christ was discussed in many monasteries; and so, when the great battle came, many brave and pious men went out from the monasteries into the world and became active ministers of God's word."

"I read about that," said Stephen. "And the year when Luther visited the convents was called 'The Morning Star of the Reformation.'"

"What year was it?" asked Josie.

"The year 1516," answered Stephen. "Luther went to Erfurth, where he used to sweep the floors and trim lamps."

"I suppose the monks didn't dare order him about if he was vicar-general," said Maggie. "I hope he ordered them."

"'The devil is not cast out by the devil' was one of Luther's sayings," said Mrs. Arnold; "I hope he did not forget it this time."

"Why, Charlie has gone to sleep," exclaimed Josie.

"And Paul can hardly hold up his head," said Mr. Arnold. "I have talked too long. Good-night, all."



## CHAPTER V.

### *TETZEL.—INDULGENCES.*

WHEN the Arnold children gathered around their father the next Sabbath evening, he opened the Reformation volume and read :

“A great agitation reigned at that time among the people of Germany. The Church had opened a vast market on the earth. Judging from the crowd of buyers and the noise and jests of the dealers, we might call it a fair, but a fair held by monks. The merchandise they extolled, offering it at a reduced price, was, they said, the salvation of souls.”

The children were shocked and began to ask questions, but Mr. Arnold said, “Wait a moment, until you hear more about it.” And the only question he answered was Josie’s, “In what year was this, father?” and he said,

“It was in 1517. The dealers passed

through the country in a gay carriage, escorted by three horsemen, in great state and spending freely. One might have thought it some dignitary on a royal progress with his attendants and officers, and not a common dealer or a begging monk. When the procession approached a town, a messenger waited upon the magistrate. 'The grace of God and of the holy Father is at your gates,' said the envoy."

"I suppose by 'holy Father' he meant the pope?" said Mrs. Arnold.

"Yes.—Instantly everything was in motion in the place. The clergy, the priests, the nuns, the council, the schoolmasters, the trades with their flags—men and women, young and old—went forth to meet the merchants with lighted tapers in their hands, advancing to the sound of music and of all the bells of the place; 'so that,' says an historian, 'they could not have given a grander welcome to God himself.' Salutations being exchanged, the whole procession moved toward the church. The pontiff's bull of grace was borne in front, on a velvet cushion or on a cloth of gold."

“What means that?” asked Paul.

“‘The pontiff’ is another name for the pope, and the paper on which was written his forgiveness was laid upon this velvet cushion.—The chief seller of indulgences followed, supporting a large red wooden cross, and the whole procession moved in this manner amidst singing, prayer and the smoke of incense. The sound of organs and a concert of instruments received the monkish dealer and his attendants into the church. The cross he bore with him was erected in front of the altar; on it was hung the pope’s arms, and as long as it remained there the clergy of the place, the penitentiaries and the sub-commissioners, with white wands in their hands, came every day after vespers or before the salutation to do homage to it.”

“What are ‘penitentiaries’?” asked Charlie.

“Prisons, goosey!” exclaimed Stephen.

“Not so fast, Stephen,” said Mr. Arnold. “Can prisons bow down to crosses? Look in your dictionary.”

Rather abashed, Stephen searched the dictionary, and found several meanings for

the word "penitentiary." As he read them he said,

"Penitents, people sorry for their sins, I suppose it means. There's another meaning, father: 'In the ancient Christian Church it meant a priest who received the private confession of the people.' And here is still another meaning: 'An officer, in some cathedrals, vested with power from the bishop to absolve.'—'Absolve' means 'to free from,' Maggie—to free from sin."

"Yes, Stephen.—But do go on, father; I want to hear the rest."

"The man who bore the great red cross and had the most to do was John Diezel or Tetzal. He was about sixty-three years old and had a very loud voice. As soon as the cross was lifted up Tetzal ascended the pulpit and with a bold tone began, in the presence of the crowds that gathered, to exalt the power of indulgences. The people listened and wondered at the virtues of the indulgences. They were led to believe that as soon as they gave their money they were certain of salvation and of the deliverance of souls from purgatory.

“Pointing to the great red cross with the pope’s arms on it, Tetzelsaid, ‘This cross has as much efficacy as the cross of Jesus Christ. Draw near, and I will give you letters, duly sealed, by which even the sins you shall hereafter desire to commit shall all be forgiven you. There is no sin so great that the indulgences cannot remit it; only pay largely, and it shall be forgiven. Indulgences save not alone the living: they also save the dead. The very moment the money clinks against the bottom of the chest the soul escapes from purgatory and flies free to heaven.’”

“Oh, what a bad man!” exclaimed Maggie.

“On account of his great wickedness the emperor Maximilian ordered him to be put in a sack and thrown into the river; but Frederick of Saxony obtained his pardon.”

“I’m sorry for that,” said Maggie; “he might better have been drowned.—Don’t you think so, Paul?”

“I don’t know, Maggie. I’d rather give him a chance to be good.”

“Paugh! You don’t know those fellows,”



exclaimed Charlie. "There wasn't any good in them. I'm glad the Romanists are better now."

"How much better, do you suppose?" inquired his mother.

"Why, mother!" exclaimed Stephen and Charlie at once. "They don't do such things now."

"Don't they?" asked Mrs. Arnold.

"No, mother."

"Boys, do you know why?"

"No, mother; why?"

"Because they are afraid to do them. We live in a different age, but their spirit is the same."

The children wonderingly looked at Mrs. Arnold. Her words surprised them, and her tone was very earnest.

"Tell us what they do now," said Paul.

There was a moment's pause, and then Mrs. Arnold said,

"Suppose you try to find out for yourselves the truth of what I say."

"How can we?"

"I will appoint Stephen to look into this subject and report to us every time we meet,"

said Mrs. Arnold. "There are some books in the garret that will help him."

Stephen was glad to have this task set for him, and said he would go in the garret that very evening and look for them.

"Father, what did Tetzels do with all the money?" asked Josie.

Mr. Arnold read:

"Do you know why our Most Holy Lord distributes so rich a grace? The dilapidated church of St. Peter and St. Paul is to be restored, so as to be unparalleled in the whole earth. That church contains the bodies of the holy apostles Peter and Paul and a vast company of martyrs. Those sacred bodies, owing to the present condition of the building, are now, alas! continually trodden, flooded, polluted, dishonored and rotting in rain and hail. Ah! shall those holy ashes be suffered to remain degraded in the mire?"

"Then they wanted the money to mend the church?" said Paul.

"I wouldn't trust them with it," remarked Stephen.

"There was great eagerness among the people to protect these sacred bodies. And

you must always remember, children, that Romanists expect to be saved by good works. That leads them to do many hard things that others are not willing to do. No one wants to be lost; all would rather be saved," said Mr. Arnold.

"Who was the pope then?" asked Maggie.

"Leo X.," answered Josie.

"All who gave money were forgiven and saved, but all who opposed were excommunicated and lost," said Mr. Arnold.

"Had Tetzel a Bible?" inquired Maggie.

"He knew how to quote from it, Maggie. Hear what he said as he urged people to buy: 'Blessed are the eyes that see what you see, for I tell you that many prophets and many kings have desired to see the things which ye see, and have not seen them, and to hear the things which ye hear, and have not heard them.' And then he pointed to the strong-box in which the money was received, and called three times: 'Bring your money! Bring your money! Bring your money!' Luther says he uttered this cry with such a dreadful bellowing that one might have thought some wild bull was rushing among

the people and goring them with his horns. Then he came down from the pulpit, ran toward the strong-box, and in sight of all the people threw in a piece of silver with a loud sound."

"That must have made Luther very angry," said Paul.

"Didn't he fight him?" asked Charlie.

"I should think every one would have fought him," said Maggie.

"Tetzel found few bold enough or wise enough to oppose him; men were glad to get their sins forgiven so easily. All the faithful were invited to come and confess in the spot where the red cross was set up. None but the sick and the infirm and the wealthy were excused."

"Why excuse the wealthy?" asked Josie.

"Oh, servants could bring their money, and that was all the priests wanted."

"And then they had confessionals," said Stephen, who had been reading a little in the *History*.

"What are they?" asked Paul.

"Little stalls with partitions, where the priest sits and hears the penitent on the other

side of the partition whisper his or her sins through a small opening," said Mr. Arnold.

"I have seen them," said Mrs. Arnold, "in the Albany cathedral."

"What!" exclaimed Maggie; "do they have them in *our* country?"

"Yes, in many places," answered her mother.

"Confession of sin, as the Scripture enjoins it, is both proper and profitable," said Mr. Arnold, "but confession in the Roman system is different and is positively hurtful. The Bible does not tell us to go to the priest instead of to God and to the person or the persons injured. The private confessional encourages sin. Romanists are required to confess their sins at least once every year, and they must try faithfully to perform the penance laid upon them. After this they must come to the sacrament—at least, at Easter. And whoever fails to do this is to be excommunicated out of the Church; and if he die, he is not to be allowed Christian burial.

"But to return to Tetzal. The people came in crowds to the confessors. They



came, not with contrite hearts, but with money in their hands. Even beggars managed to get money to put into Tetzels strong-box. Complete pardon of all sins was promised to all who purchased an indulgence. And, as to those who desire to deliver souls from purgatory, and to procure for them the forgiveness of all their sins, let them put their money in the chest; but it is not needful that they should feel sorrow of heart or make confession with the lips. Let them only hasten to bring their money, for they will thus do a work most profitable to departed souls and to the building of the church of St. Peter's."

"Was that the way that elegant church was built?" exclaimed Stephen.

"Have you seen it?" asked Paul.

"No, but I'd very much like to see it," said Stephen.

"It's beautiful, Stephen."

"Why, have you seen it, Paul?"

"No; I've only seen the picture, Cousin Stephen. But I don't like it as much now, when I know how they got the money."

"Funny little chap," whispered Stephen

to his mother; "he talks as if he were as old as father."

"When the sale of indulgences began, those who came to buy were examined very closely, and pay was demanded according to their wealth and rank. Poorly-dressed persons were charged less than those who came richly attired. Kings, queens, archbishops and bishops had to pay heavily if they wanted to indulge in sin.

"If a public offender yet unpunished by civil law came to the confessional, he was obliged to do public penance. They led him to a chapel, where he was stripped of his clothes, his shoes taken off his feet and he left in his shirt. They made him fold his arms upon his breast, and placed a light in one hand and a wax taper in the other. Then the penitent walked at the head of the procession, which passed to the red cross. He kneeled till the singing and the collect were ended; then the commissary gave out the psalm 'Miserere mei.'"

"That means," said Stephen, "'Have mercy upon me.'" He looked at Maggie, and she nodded her head in thanks.

Mr. Arnold continued :

“The confessors then led the penitent to the commissary, who, taking the rod and striking him three times gently on the back, said, ‘God take pity on thee and pardon thy sin.’ After this, before the cross, he was pronounced forgiven.”

“Then did they get their letters of forgiveness?” asked Josie. “And did you ever see one?”

“Yes; D’Aubigné gives one here in this volume;” and Mr. Arnold read it aloud. “It begins with the name of the Lord Jesus Christ and ends with the names of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost,” said Mr. Arnold.

“Yes, that is the worst of it, such abominable evil done in the Lord’s name,” said Mrs. Arnold.

“And Brother John Tetzel signs it,” said Stephen.

“If any of the convents cried out against this trade in indulgences, means were soon found to quiet them. When this mission ended, the chest was opened and the money carefully counted and entered in the books.”

"Did Tetzal put it all in his own pocket?" asked Charlie.

"He couldn't get it all in," said Paul.

"The chest had three keys," said Stephen ; "that looks as if they were afraid to trust Tetzal."

"Did it?" inquired Maggie.

"Yes. Tetzal had one, a treasurer had another, and the third was put in charge of the civil authority. I must tell Maggie a story about Tetzal, who was none too good to put the money in his pocket. At Zwickau he had collected a large amount of money for pardons given. The evening before he left, the chaplains and their acolytes—"

Here Mr. Arnold paused and looked first at Maggie, then at Stephen, who, taking the hint, opened the dictionary and read : "'Acolyte, an inferior church-servant, next in rank below the sub-deacon ; one who trims the lamps, lights the church and does other like services.'"

"The chaplains and their acolytes called upon him to give them a farewell repast. The request was reasonable, but what was to be done? The money was already counted

and sealed up. In the morning he had the large bell tolled. A crowd hurried to the church; every one thought that something extraordinary had happened. Then he told the crowd that groans from the cemetery had awakened him in the night. They came from a poor soul in torment that cried to be delivered. To deliver that unhappy soul he was willing to stay a day longer, and he would be the first to contribute money. The gifts came fast, and Tetzels, with the chaplains and acolytes, sat down to a merry feast that night."

"You don't mean to say this money paid for the feast?" exclaimed Josie.

"That's what I do mean to say, Josie."

"How shocking!" cried Josie. "Father, they are not so bad now."

"No; I do not think that so bold a crime would be committed now."

"The dealers in indulgences established themselves at Hagenau. The wife of a shoemaker, against her husband's wishes, bought an indulgence, and paid for it a gold florin. A florin in Germany is worth about one dollar and sixty-seven cents of our money.



Shortly after, she died; and the husband did not have mass said for her soul. The curate charged him with contempt of religion, and the judge of Hagenau summoned him to appear before him.

“The shoemaker put in his pocket his wife’s indulgence and went before the judge.

“‘Is your wife dead?’ asked the judge.

“‘Yes.’

“‘What have you done with her?’

“‘I buried her and commended her soul to God.’

“‘But have you had a mass said for the salvation of her soul?’

“‘I have not. It was not necessary. She went to heaven the moment of her death.’

“‘How do you know that?’

“‘Here is the evidence of it;’ and as he spoke the man drew out of his pocket the letter of indulgence and read it. It promised that the woman who had received it would not go into purgatory, but straight into heaven.

“‘If the curate pretends that a mass is necessary after that,’ said the shoemaker, ‘then my wife has been cheated by our holy

Father the pope ; but if she has not been cheated, then the curate is deceiving me.'

"The curate could make no reply, and the shoemaker was dismissed."

"I read about that," said Stephen.

"It isn't fair for you to go ahead and read it before us.—Is it, father?" said Maggie.

"I see no objection if he likes to do it," answered her father.—"What else did you read, Stephen?"

"I read about Myconius, father—how he went to hear Tetzal and asked for a free pardon."

"Did he get it?"

"Oh no, sir. Tetzal or some of his dealers tried their best to get him to pay a little. He said he couldn't. At last he got angry with them, and said he would have none of the indulgences that are bought and sold. He said if he had really wanted one he could have sold one of his books and bought one. What he wanted was to try them and expose them. He told them they would have to account to God for having, for the sake of a little money, missed the salvation of a soul."

As Stephen stopped speaking his father opened the book and read:

“‘I was grieved,’ says Myconius, ‘at being thus sent away without pity. But I felt in myself a Comforter who whispered that there is a God in heaven who forgives repentant souls, without money and without price, for the sake of his Son Jesus Christ. As I left these people the Holy Spirit touched my heart. I burst into tears, and with sighs and groans prayed to the Lord: “O God, since these men have refused remission of sins because I had no money to pay, do thou, Lord, take pity upon me, and forgive them in mere mercy.” I went to my room, took the crucifix from my desk, placed it on my chair and kneeled before it. I cannot here tell what I experienced. I asked of God to be my father, and to make me what he would have me.’

“That prayer was answered: Myconius became a Reformer and an historian of the Reformation.”

“Have we got done with Tetzels?” asked Maggie.

“Oh no.—Father, tell them about the

gentleman who heard Tetzel at Leipsic," said Stephen, "and asked an indulgence for revenge he was going to take on one of his enemies."

"Go on, Stephen," said Mr. Arnold.

"Tetzel said he had full power from the pope to forgive all sins, but he and the gentleman had some trouble about the price. At length they settled that, and then Tetzel set out on his journey. The gentleman and his servants laid wait for him in the woods and gave him a good beating, and carried off his chest of indulgence-money. Tetzel sued him, but the gentleman showed the letter of indulgence, which forgave the sin; and Tetzel had signed this letter.

"The people began to doubt the power and authority of the pope, and they asked why, if the pope had power, he did not, out of love and pity, deliver souls from torment. Everything was done for pay. 'Bring hither your money,'" said the people, 'is the beginning, the middle and the end of their sermons.' The people were weary of the shameful tricks played upon them. But what could they do? Leo X. needed money,

and so did Albert, archbishop and elector of Germany."

"What did Albert do?" asked Mrs. Arnold.

"He begged from the pope the contract for the 'farming' of all the indulgences, or, as they expressed it at Rome, 'the contract for the sins of Germany.' So the pope and the archbishop divided the spoils, and Tetzel was chosen to take charge of the work. I read," said Stephen, "that when Luther first heard about Tetzel and the great commotion he was making, he said, 'God willing, I will make a hole in his drum.'"

"I guess he did," exclaimed Charlie.

"And yet at this time Luther was full of respect for the Church and for the pope," said Mr. Arnold. "One day, at confessional at Wittemberg, some people were confessing their sins to Luther; and when he reproved them, they replied that they did not mean to give up their sins. Luther was shocked, and he told them that he could not forgive them. Then they showed him their letters of indulgence. But Luther said he had nothing to do with these. 'If you do not turn from



the evil of your ways,' he said, 'you will all perish. Have a care how you give ear to the indulgences.' In great alarm these people went to Tetzal, and told him that an Augustine monk treated his letters with contempt. Tetzal bellowed with anger. In the pulpit he used insulting expressions and curses, and, to strike the people with more terror, he had a fire lighted several times in the public square, and declared that he was ordered by the pope to burn the heretics who should dare to oppose his most holy indulgences."

"They wouldn't dare burn anybody, would they?" asked Paul, looking at his aunt as he spoke.

"They would, and they have burned many," replied Mrs. Arnold.

Mr. Arnold looked from one to the other of the little group around him, and then seemed lost in thought. When Maggie broke the silence that fell upon them, he turned to Mrs. Arnold and said.

"Is it best to tell the children these horrible things?"

And she answered:

"Yes; I think it is best for them to know just what popery is and what it has done."

"And now began the fight between Luther and Tetzel," said Mr. Arnold. "In and out of the pulpit, Luther warned every one against the errors of the day. He has no fears for himself: no matter whom he displeases, he must speak out."

"Like John the Baptist," said Josie.

"If he sought to please men, he would not be the servant of Christ," said Mrs. Arnold.

Taking up the book Mr. Arnold read:

"The feast of All Saints was a very important day at Wittemberg, and especially at the church which the elector Frederick had built and filled with relics. On this occasion those relics, encased in gold and silver and adorned with precious stones, were set out to dazzle the eyes of the people with their magnificence. Whoever on that great day visited the church, and there confessed himself, obtained a plenary indulgence. On that great day the pilgrims flocked in crowds to Wittemberg."

"A full and complete pardon, Paul; that



own boldness, I have read," said Mrs. Arnold. "God surely guided him in a way that he knew not."

"The bishop of Brandenburg, a learned and pious man, told Luther that he would bring upon himself much trouble and grief in attacking the power of the Church, that the attempt would be too much for his strength, and that he would do well to give up the work he had entered upon. 'They thought, said Luther long afterward, 'that the pope would be too powerful for a poor mendicant monk like me.'"

"Bishops and princes failed to help him," said Mrs. Arnold; "but the Lord was his strong helper."

"Luther's theses caused a great agitation. In about a fortnight their contents had spread over Germany, and in less than a month they reached Rome."

"How did the pope like them?" asked Charlie.

"He was amused at first; and when the master of the Vatican palace begged him to treat Luther as a heretic, he answered: 'That same brother, Martin Luther, is a man of

talent, and all that is said against him is mere monkish jealousy.' ”

“He little knew what those theses would accomplish,” said Mrs. Arnold.

“They were translated into Dutch and Spanish, and were carried by a traveler and sold as far as Jerusalem. They went into the study of the learned, the cell of the monk and the palace of the princes. Dr. Flek, prior of one of the cloisters, had for some time given up reading mass, but he had told no one his true reason. One day he found these theses of Luther in the convent refectory; he took them up and read, and exclaimed in great joy, ‘Oh, now at last one is come who has been long waited for and will tell you all.—Look there, monks!’ He wrote to Dr. Luther, urging him by all means to continue the glorious struggle with courage.”

“I guess Luther was glad to have some kind words,” said Josie.

“Yes; Luther called him ‘a man full of joy and consolation,’ ” said Mrs. Arnold.

“Then the emperor Maximilian read and admired the theses. ‘Take care of this



monk,' he wrote to Frederick of Saxony, 'for a time may come when we may have need of him.' He thought Luther might become a powerful ally of Germany in her struggle with Rome. 'He will show wonders to the monks,' he said. They kindled a light in many a cell. An old priest remarked, 'Dear brother Martin, if you succeed in casting down that purgatory and those sellers of papers, truly you will be a great man.' In his own convent the prior and the sub-prior were greatly alarmed. They went to Luther's cell and said, 'Pray do not bring disgrace upon your order.'— 'Dear fathers,' answered Luther, 'if the thing is not of God, it will come to naught; if it is, let it go forward.' The prior and the sub-prior were silent. 'The thing is going forward still,' added Luther, after telling this; 'and if it please God, it will go on better and better to the end. Amen.'"

"He received much reproach and persecution," remarked Mrs. Arnold, "but he went forward boldly, trusting in God."

"Sometimes," said Mr. Arnold, "he was disturbed and dejected when he thought of

the powerful enemies he had at Rome. Old doubts came back to trouble him. He trembled to set himself in opposition to that Church which he had always been taught to reverence. 'I began this affair,' he said, 'with great fear and trembling. What was I at that time? A poor wretched, contemptible friar, more like a corpse than a man. Who was I, to oppose the pope's majesty, before which not only the kings of the earth and the whole world trembled, but also, if I may so speak, Heaven and Hell were constrained to obey the slightest intimation of his will. No one can know what I suffered those first two years, and in what dejection—I might say in what despair—I was often plunged.'"

"Did Tetzel fight against him?" asked Stephen.

"He tried in a feeble way to answer his sermons, but Luther's boldness frightened him. On the 20th of January, 1518, a public disputation took place. Tetzel called the monks from all the neighboring cloisters; more than three hundred assembled. Tetzel read to them his theses. They were very

different from Luther's, but the three hundred monks greatly praised them. A young student who had read and admired Luther's theses raised his voice indignantly and attacked Tetzel. After some attempts at an answer Tetzel abandoned the field. Afterward he set up a pulpit and a scaffold in one of the suburbs of Frankfort. He mounted the pulpit and hurled his thunders at Luther with an unsparing hand, exclaiming, 'The heretic Luther ought to be burned alive.' Then, placing Luther's theses and sermons on the scaffold, he set fire to them. Many would have been glad to have burned Luther, but God was watching over him."

## CHAPTER VI.

### *PHILIP MELANCHTHON.*

"AFTER Tetzels had burned Luther's theses he sent his own into Saxony, to do away with the ill-effects of Luther's. A man was sent to Wittemberg to distribute them there. The students were indignant at the treatment of Luther's theses, and they surrounded the man and inquired in threatening tones how he dared come there. Some purchased copies, others seized them ; so they secured his whole stock, which amounted to eight hundred copies. Then, without letting the elector or the professor or Luther know what they were going to do, on the gates of the university they posted bills bearing these words : ' Whosoever desires to be present at the burning and obsequies of the theses of Tetzels, let him repair at two o'clock to the market-place.' "

"Crowds came, I don't doubt," said Stephen.

"Wasn't it a good thing to do?" said Charlie, approvingly.

"It was an application of the 'eye-for-an-eye-and-a-tooth-for-a-tooth' principle," said Mrs. Arnold.

"Auntie doesn't think it was right," said Paul.

"No, it was not Christ's way; but we can hardly wonder at their doing it," answered Mrs. Arnold.

"What did Luther say?" asked Josie.

"He was grieved, especially when some persons thought he had had something to do with it. 'I am surprised,' he wrote to his old master at Erfurth, 'that you could think I had anything to do with the burning of Tetzels theses.'"

"Luther wouldn't do such a thing," exclaimed Maggie.

"Men began to range themselves for battle. Arguments and threats flew thick and fast. The bishop of Brandenburg, sitting at his fireside, said, 'I will not lay my head down in peace until I have cast Martin into the fire like this fagot,' as he spoke casting a fagot on the blazing hearth.



"The Dominicans, from their pulpit, anathematized the infamous heretic."

"What is 'heretic'?" asked Paul.

"What is 'anathematized'?" asked Maggie, both interrupting Mr. Arnold at once.

"Everybody who did not think just as they did they called 'heretics,'" said Stephen.

"That is about as good a definition as I could give," said Mr. Arnold. "Every one who did not think as they did *in religious matters* the Romanists called 'heretics.'"

"And what does 'anathematized' mean, father?" repeated Maggie.

"It means they cursed them."

"That wasn't Christlike," remarked Paul, in his old-fashioned way.

"Let us have more about the theses," said Stephen.

"Some time after publishing his theses Luther wrote an explanation of them, making their meaning as plain as he possibly could. He repeated what he had said about true repentance and remission of sins without any indulgence. He again said that the pope had no more power than the lowest

priest to do anything beyond simply declaring the forgiveness that God had already granted. He declared that the Bible was the only rule of faith. 'I care little,' he wrote, 'what pleases or displeases the pope; he is a man like other men.' At the same time he said, 'We have a very good pope in Leo X. His sincerity and learning are a matter of joy to us.' Then, with great boldness, he declared, 'The Church requires to be reformed. And it is a work neither for one man, as the pope, nor for several, as the cardinals and fathers in council assembled, but for the whole world; or, rather, it is a work which belongs to God alone. As to the time when such reformation shall commence, He only knows it who has appointed all time. The barriers are thrown down, and it is no longer in our power to restrain the overflowing billows.'

"Up to this time Luther had respect for the pope. He wrote a letter to Leo X., explaining his feelings and asking the pope to protect and help him. 'Destroy my cause or help it, take my life or restore it, as you please: I will receive your voice as that

of Christ himself, who presides and speaks through you. If I have deserved death, I refuse not to die.' ”

“I would not give in in that way to the pope,” exclaimed Charlie.

“Well, that was because he had been brought up to think the pope was head over all,” said Josie.

“But Rome had thoughts of vengeance against him. One of the cardinals wrote, in the pope's name, to the elector Frederick to warn him against protecting Luther.”

“Did Luther know about it?” asked Maggie.

“Yes; he said, ‘The cardinal Raphael would have been well pleased to see me burned alive by Duke Frederick.’ ”

“Was Frederick of Saxony a good Romanist?” asked Stephen.

“Yes; he always had been; and the cardinal's letter made a great impression upon him. But it was a rule of his never to move hastily. He thought much and carefully examined both sides. He did not think it was necessary to be a slave to the pope.

"Luther now thought he was going to be excommunicated," said Mr. Arnold.

"What is that?" asked Paul.

"To be excommunicated is to be cut off from the communion and fellowship of the Church," said Stephen; for his father seemed to look to him to give all the definitions.

"Luther, expecting to be excommunicated, preached a bold sermon from the Wittenberg pulpit. He explained the difference between inward and outward excommunication: *inward* shuts one out from communion with God; *outward* shuts one out from the rites and ceremonies of the Church. 'No one,' said Luther, 'can separate a man from communion with God but that man himself by his own sins. Blessed is that man who dies under an unjust sentence of excommunication! While, for righteousness' sake, he suffers a cruel judgment from men, he receives from God the crown of everlasting happiness.' Some praised, others blamed, this bold language. But Luther did not now stand alone; he had aroused all Germany, and many hailed him with affection and respect. Daily the num-

ber lessened of those who came seeking pardon with money in their hands, and in many hearts was kindled a desire to obtain salvation through Christ. Since the first ages of the Church there had not been witnessed such hungering and thirsting after righteousness."

Mr. Arnold paused and turned over page after page of the volume he held in his hand.

Paul gave a little sigh, and said,

"I hope he didn't have any more trouble after this?"

"Why, little chap, you take it hard," said Stephen, giving the boy a wondering look.

"His troubles were not yet over, Paul. The pope sent for him to come to trial at Rome. Luther's friends were very much afraid to let him go."

"Why, uncle?"

"They were afraid somebody would imprison him or kill him. They worked very hard to prevent Luther's going to Rome, and the pope worked as hard to get him. The pope wrote to the emperor Maximilian and to the German princes to help: 'When you



have secured his person, cause him to be detained in safe custody, that he may be brought before us. If he should return to a sense of his duty and ask pardon for so great an offence freely and of his own accord, we give you power to receive him into the unity of the holy Mother Church.' ”

“Suppose he didn't; what then?” asked Charlie.

“‘If he persists in his stubbornness and you fail to get possession of his person, we give you power to proscribe him in all places in Germany, to put away, curse and excommunicate all those who are attached to him, and to enjoin all Christians to shun their society,’ ” read Mr. Arnold.

“How wicked!” cried Maggie. “I don't see how Luther ever could have liked the pope.”

“All earthly powers—emperor, pope, princes and legates—were put in motion against the bold monk. Is it any wonder if he was sore troubled? Just at this time God sent him a friend who was a great comfort to him; his name was Philip Melancthon. He was a young German student of

great genius. He began to deliver lectures on philosophy when he was only seventeen years old. At twenty-one he was made professor of Greek at the Wittemberg University. Here he came under the influence of Luther, and became a mighty power in the Reformation. He was passionately fond of Greek. The year before Melanchthon came to Wittemberg, Luther made some attempts toward translating the Bible. He got together as many Greek and Latin books as he could collect. With the help of Melanchthon, he now went forward with new energy."

"What was he translating it for?" asked Charlie.

"He was translating it into German, so that those who did not understand Latin and Greek could read it in their own language. Melanchthon was second only to Luther among the Reformers. In disposition he was gentle, amiable and zealous. He had great genius and a great thirst for knowledge. He was very different from Luther, and by his calmness often checked Luther's impetuosity. He was open-hearted and gen-

erous. Melanchthon was also a great lover of the Bible, always carrying it with him, and studying it whenever he could. Melanchthon was called 'the theologian of the Reformation.' A modest, silent student, he came to the Leipsic disputation, and there received the gospel of Christ with the simplicity of a child. As D'Aubigné expresses it, 'from that hour he bowed the heights of his learning before the word of God.' When he began to explain the way of salvation, his clearness delighted all who listened."

"Luther has been compared to Paul," said Mrs. Arnold; "Melanchthon is like John."

"Yes," said Mr. Arnold; "Luther once said, 'I was born for struggling on the battlefield with parties and devils. My writings breathe war and tempest. I must root up stock and stem, clear away thorns and brambles and fill up swamps. I am like the sturdy woodcutter who must clear and level the road. But Philip goes forward quietly and gently, cultivating and planting, sowing and watering joyfully, according as God has dealt to him so liberally of his gifts.'"

## CHAPTER VII.

### *LUTHER GOES TO AUGSBURG.*

“**Y**OU haven’t told us yet whether Luther went to Rome,” said Maggie.

“He did go,” said Stephen.

Mr. Arnold took up the history and read :

“‘In the midst of his delightful Bible studies with Melanchthon, Luther sometimes forgot his summons to appear before the pope at Rome. But soon the thought returned. Luther did not tremble in the prospect of it: full of trust in the faithfulness and power of God, he remained firm, and was ready to expose himself to the wrath of enemies more terrible than those who had brought Huss to the stake.’”

“‘Huss to the stake’? What means that?” questioned Paul.

“John Huss was burned to death, Paul, because he preached against the wickedness of the Romish Church and its ministers. Pope John XXIII. solemnly excommuni-

cated him ; afterward he was put into prison, and at last he was burned at the stake. That was in the year 1415. Luther's friends begged him not to go to Rome; they feared he might lose his life on the journey. Stau-pitz, the vicar-general, wrote to Luther from his convent imploring him to take refuge with him in the convent."

"Did he go?" eagerly asked Maggie.

"No," answered Mr. Arnold.

"If he had gone," said Josie, thoughtfully, "we would not have had any Reformation, I don't believe."

"What did Luther say about it, father?" asked Charlie.

"At one time he said, 'I am willing to be delivered up and cast alone into the hands of all my adversaries. What I have undertaken to defend I hope I shall, by Christ's help, be enabled to maintain. As to *force*, we must needs yield to that, but without forsaking the truth. The words of his divine Master kept sounding in his heart: 'Whosoever shall confess me before men, him will I confess before my Father which is in heaven.' Luther would not draw



back ; he would not flee. 'I am like Jeremiah,' he said—'a man of strife and contention ; but the more they increase their threatenings, the more they multiply my joy. My wife and children are well provided for ; my lands and houses and all my goods are safe.' He had no wife, nor lands and houses and goods," explained Mr. Arnold, looking up.

"Then he was joking," said Charlie.

"'They have already torn to pieces my honor and my good name,'" read Mr. Arnold ; "'all I have left is my wretched body. Let them have it ; they will then shorten my life by a few hours. But, as to my soul, they shall not have that.'"

"That was safe enough, I am sure," said Josie, in a low tone.

"What a brave, noble man he was !" said Mrs. Arnold.

"Poor and unprotected, Luther set forth on foot to place himself in the power of his enemies. From different persons he had received warnings of danger. Count Albert of Mansfield sent him a message not to go, because some great nobles had bound themselves by an oath to seize and strangle or

drown him. The elector Frederick persuaded the pope to give Luther a hearing at Augsburg, and pledged himself that Luther should appear; so he was not obliged to go to Rome. Luther asked Frederick to give him a safe-conduct, but Frederick replied that it was not needed; and he only gave him letters of recommendation to several of the most distinguished counselors of Augsburg. He also sent Luther money for his journey. On his way he stopped at Weimar and lodged in the convent of the Cordeliers. One of the monks, named Myconius, could not take his eyes off of Luther. It was the first time he had seen Luther, and he wished to whisper that he owed to him the peace of his soul."

"When Luther first preached and wrote against indulgences, Myconius opposed him," said Mrs. Arnold.

"Yes, but he soon changed his views," said Mr. Arnold.

"Why didn't he speak to Luther, if he wanted to?" asked Charlie.

"His superiors would not let him, Charlie. If the elector Frederick had not been holding his court in Weimar, perhaps the

Cordeliers would not even have received Luther within their convent. The day after his arrival was the festival of St. Michael; Luther said mass, and was even invited to preach in the castle chapel. This was a great mark of favor from Frederick."

"Did he preach against indulgences?" inquired Stephen.

"D'Aubigné says, 'He preached from an overflowing heart, in the presence of the court, on the text of the day, which was Matt. xviii. 1-11. He spoke strongly against hypocrites and such as boast of their own righteousness. But he said not a word of the angels, though it was the invariable custom to do so on St. Michael's day.'"

Josie took the Bible and read the words of the text.

"Luther's quietness and courage surprised many. One of the monks said to him, 'My brother, you will have to meet Italians at Augsburg. They are a shrewd people, and will give you enough to do. I fear you will not be able to defend your cause against them. They will cast you into the fire, and the flames will consume you.'"

"Did they put him in the fire, uncle?" asked Paul.

"No, Paul."

"What did Luther say?" asked Charlie.

"He said, 'My friend, pray to our Lord God, who is in heaven, and put up a pater noster for me, and for his dear child Jesus, whose cause is mine, that he may be favorable to *him*. If he maintains *his* cause, mine is safe; but if he will not maintain it, certainly it is not in me to maintain it, and it is he who will bear the dishonor.' Luther continued his journey on foot," read Mr. Arnold, "and arrived at Nuremberg. Being about to present himself before a prince of the Church, he wished to make a suitable appearance. The dress he wore was old and much the worse for his journey; he therefore borrowed a monk's frock of his faithful friend, Wenceslas Link, the preacher at Nuremberg."

"A man in a frock!" cried Paul.

"Monks wore a kind of frock," explained Josie.

"Link and an Augustine monk named Leonard could not bear to let Luther go

alone to meet the dangers that threatened him; they went with him."

"I was wondering," said Maggie, "why somebody didn't go with him."

"Before he reached Augsburg, Luther was seized with violent pains in the stomach; he thought he was going to die. His two friends engaged a wagon and brought him to Augsburg. He rapidly recovered. As soon as he reached the city Luther sent Link to the pope's legate to announce his arrival, and to say that Luther was ready to appear before the legate whenever he was summoned."

"What was the legate's name?" asked Josie.

"Cardinal Thomas de Vio. He was a zealous papist, a learned, severe man, with a great reputation for holiness. His duty in this case was very plain to him. Luther had been declared a heretic. If he would not retract, the legate's duty must be to send him to prison; and if he escaped, to visit with excommunication such as should dare to receive him."

"What means 'retract'?" asked Paul.



"Take back all he'd said," explained Stephen.

"What! all about the indulgences and everything?" exclaimed Charlie. "I guess Luther wouldn't do that."

"The Romanists expected that he would," said Mr. Arnold.

"He didn't, did he, father?" asked Maggie.

"We will see, Maggie.—An Italian named Urban de Serra Longa, generally called Serra Longa, was sent to advise and urge him to do this. 'Make your peace with the Church,' he said; 'retract your calumnies; submit unreservedly to this cardinal.' He began in a coaxing, affectionate tone, but soon became abusive; and then, checking himself, he again tried gentle tones. He intimated that money in the pope's strong-box was worth more than truth."

"Would they say that now?" asked Josie, looking very much shocked.

"Let Stephen try to find out for us," said Mrs. Arnold.

"Luther did not say very much to this crafty man, for he suspected him as acting

only in the interests of the legate. As they parted, Luther said he was willing to give satisfaction in any point in which he might be shown to be in error. He could not give up the truth, but if he could be shown to be wrong, then he would retract the wrong.

"These words made Serra Longa depart in great joy, saying, 'I will go directly to the legate, and you will follow me presently. Everything will go well, and it will soon be settled.'"

"It took a great while to settle it," remarked Stephen.

"The diet had been meeting at Augsburg; it was over now. Had Luther arrived during its sitting, he would have found powerful friends; but now everything seemed to favor the pope."

"I don't believe Maggie knows what a diet is," said Stephen.

"I don't," frankly answered Maggie.

"It was a large company met together—something like our General Assembly, I suppose.—Wasn't it, father?"

"Yes, something."

"And they talked over and decided things, didn't they?"

"Yes."

"I thought Stephen was going to find out about what the Romanists do now?" said Maggie.

"So I am, Maggie," answered Stephen.

"Let's get done with Luther first," said Charlie.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### *LUTHER BEFORE THE LEGATE.*

“**Y**OU remember Frederick declined giving Luther a safe-conduct to Augsburg, but after he arrived there some of his friends insisted upon his having one before he went into the presence of Cardinal de Vio; so, when Serra Longa came to summon him, Luther asked for a safe-conduct. Serra told him it was not needed and it would only spoil all, for the cardinal was graciously disposed toward him. He told Luther how he must behave in the cardinal’s presence. ‘When you enter the room where he is sitting,’ he said, ‘you must prostrate yourself with your face to the ground; when he tells you to rise, you must kneel before him; and you must not stand erect till he orders you to do so. Remember that it is before a prince of the Church that you are about to appear. As to the rest, fear noth-

ing; all will soon be settled without any difficulty.’”

The Arnold children looked indignant when their father read this piece of advice, but they said nothing.

“Luther insisted upon having a safe-conduct, and Serra Longa went away much vexed. The next day was the Sabbath. Luther was invited to preach in the city, and no doubt his fame would have attracted a great congregation to hear him. He would have rejoiced to preach Christ in that great city; but he declined, for fear the cardinal might think he did it just to vex and brave him.

“Monday morning Serra Longa came again. The moment he entered he said in Latin,

“‘Why do you not go to the cardinal? He is expecting you in the most indulgent frame of mind. With him the whole question is summed up in six letters, *revoco*—I retract. Come, then, with me; you have nothing to fear.’

“Luther thought they were very important letters, but he only replied,



“‘As soon as I have received the safe-conduct I will appear.’

“Serra Longa lost his temper and uttered many hasty words. At last he asked Luther if he imagined the elector was going to fight for his sake and lose the dominions inherited from his ancestors.

“‘God forbid!’ exclaimed Luther.

“‘When all forsake you, where will you take refuge?’ asked Serra Longa.

“Luther, smiling and looking upward with the eye of faith, replied,

“‘Under Heaven.’

“For an instant Serra Longa was struck dumb by this sublime and unexpected reply; he then continued:

“‘How would you act if you had Cardinal de Vio, the pope and all the cardinals in your power, as they have you, at this moment, in theirs?’

“‘I would pay them all respect and honor,’ replied Luther, ‘but the word of God is, with me, above all.’

“Serra Longa laughed, moving one of his fingers backward and forward in a manner peculiar to the Italians:

“ ‘Ha! ha! All proper honor! I do not believe a word of it.’ ”

“But he would,” exclaimed Paul.—  
“Wouldn’t he, auntie?”

“Yes, I think he would, Paul.”

Mr. Arnold resumed:

“Serra Longa left the house, leaped into his saddle and disappeared. He did not go again to Luther, but he never forgave the great Reformer. Soon after this, Luther’s friends procured a safe-conduct for him.”

“Why did he not trust in God to take care of him?” timidly asked Josie.

“He did trust in the Lord with all his heart, Josie. If God required his life, he said, he was willing to lay it down. But he yielded to his friends’ persuasion, and did what they felt was his duty. And it was right to do all he could to preserve his own life. He wrote to his dear friend Melancthon: ‘Show yourself a man. Instruct the youth of our beloved country in what is right and agreeable to the will of God. As for me, I am going to offer up myself for you and for them, if it be the Lord’s will. I prefer death—yea, even, what to me would

be the greatest misfortune, the loss of your valued society—to retracting what it was my duty to teach, and perhaps ruining by my failure the noble cause to which we are devoted. Italy is involved, as Egypt was formerly, in thick darkness—even darkness which may be felt. The whole nation knows nothing of Christ, nor of what pertains to him. And yet they are our lords and masters in the faith and in morals. Thus the wrath of God is fulfilled amongst us; as the prophet says, ‘I will give children to be their princes, and babes shall rule over them.’ Do your duty to God, my dear Philip, and avert his wrath by fervent and holy prayer.’

“The legate called together Italians and Germans to get their advice about the best way to treat the heretic Luther. Some said, ‘We must compel him to retract;’ others said, ‘We must arrest him and throw him into prison.’ One said it would be well to put him out of the way; another counseled mildness and gentleness. The cardinal—or legate, as we have sometimes called him—resolved first to try mildness. He did

not doubt his ability to reclaim the monk to obedience to the Church.

“When the day of conference arrived, Luther went to the cardinal’s house, accompanied by the prior of the Carmelites, his friend and host, by two friars of the convent, by Dr. Link and by an Augustine—probably the same one who journeyed with him from Nuremberg. Scarcely had he entered the cardinal’s palace, when all the Italians who composed the train of this prince of the Church flocked round him to see the famous doctor, and pressed him so closely that he could hardly proceed.

“On entering the room where the cardinal was waiting for him, Luther found him accompanied by the apostolic nuncio and Serra Longa. His reception was cool, but civil; and, according to Roman etiquette, Luther, following the instructions of Serra Longa, prostrated himself before the cardinal. When the latter told him to rise, he knelt; and when the command was repeated, he stood erect. Several of the most distinguished Italians of the cardinal’s household entered the room, in order to be present at

the interview, impatient to see the German monk humble himself before the pope's representative.

"The cardinal was silent; he expected Luther would begin his recantation. But Luther waited reverently for the Roman prince to address him. Finding, however, that he did not open his lips, he understood this silence to be an invitation to begin, and he thus addressed him :

" 'Most worthy father, upon the summons of His Holiness the pope, and at the desire of my gracious lord the elector of Saxony, I appear before you as a humble and obedient son of the holy Christian Church, and I acknowledge that it was I who published the propositions and theses that are the subject of inquiry. I am ready to listen with all submission to the charges brought against me, and, if I am in error, to be instructed in the truth.' "

Mr. Arnold looked up from his book; he expected this meek conduct on the part of Luther would call forth comments from the children, but they were intently listening, and only Charlie spoke :



“Go on, please, father.”

“The cardinal assumed the tone of a kind and compassionate father toward an erring child. He commended Luther's humility and expressed the joy he felt on beholding it.

“‘My dear son,’ he said, ‘you have filled all Germany with commotion by your dispute concerning indulgences. I hear that you are a doctor well skilled in the Scriptures, and that you have many followers; if, therefore, you wish to be a member of the Church and to have in the pope a most gracious lord, listen to me.’

“The cardinal was so confident of Luther's submission that he immediately set before him three articles, presenting them, as he said, under the direction of ‘our most holy Father, Pope Leo the Tenth.’

“‘First, you must return to your duty; you must acknowledge your faults and retract your errors, your propositions and sermons. Secondly, you must abstain for the future from propagating your opinions. And thirdly, you must engage to be more discreet and avoid everything that may grieve or disturb the Church.’”

"It makes me think of the apostles," remarked Mrs. Arnold, "when they were charged to speak and preach no more in the name of Jesus."

"Peter and John, wasn't it, mother?"

"Yes; they were brought out of prison and examined before the high priest and others. They were commanded to keep silence, but as they departed from the council their prayer was, 'And now, Lord, behold their threatenings; and'—notice, children, they don't say, 'grant us thy protection,' but—'grant unto thy servants that with all boldness they may speak thy word.'"

"I am sure Luther did not mean to keep silence," said Charlie.

"No, no!" exclaimed Stephen.—"What did he say, father?"

"He asked to see the pope's brief, or letter which gave the legate power to treat with him. Such a demand from a monk to a cardinal-legate! The Italians were struck dumb. The cardinal replied,

"Your demand, my son, cannot be complied with. You have to acknowledge your errors, to be careful for the future what you

teach, not to return to your vomit, so that you may rest without care and anxiety; and then, acting by the command and on the authority of our most holy father the pope, I will adjust the whole affair.'

"'Deign, then, to inform me wherein I have erred,' said Luther.

"At this request the Italian courtiers, who had expected to see the poor German monk fall upon his knees and implore mercy, were still more astonished than before. Not one of them would have condescended to answer so impertinent a question, but the cardinal, who thought it scarcely generous to crush this feeble monk by the weight of all his authority, and who trusted to his own learning for obtaining an easy victory, consented to tell Luther of what he was accused, and even to enter into discussion with him.

"'My beloved son,' he said, 'there are two propositions put forward by you which you must, before all, retract—first, "The treasure of indulgences does not consist of the merits and sufferings of our Lord Jesus Christ;" and second, "The man who re-

ceives the holy sacrament must have faith in the grace offered to him.”

“Both these propositions did indeed strike a deathblow at the commerce of Rome. If the pope had not power to dispose at will of the Saviour’s merits, if the paper of indulgence did not give the buyer righteousness, then its value was lost and men would count it no better than a mere rag. Likewise with the sacraments; they yielded a large revenue.”

“Why, did they have to pay for the sacraments?” exclaimed Stephen.

“Certainly.”

“What means ‘sacraments’?” questioned Paul.

“We call the ordinances of baptism and the Lord’s Supper sacraments,” said Mr. Arnold.

“The Romanists have seven sacraments,” said Mrs. Arnold.

“What are they?” inquired Josie.

Stephen, who, as usual, was looking into the dictionary, read:

“Among Catholics there are seven sacraments—baptism, confirmation, eucharist,

penance, orders, matrimony and extreme unction.' ”

Josie was going to ask the meaning of some of these words, but Charlie asked if they could not go on with Luther; so Mr. Arnold continued :

“As the discussion went on between Luther and the cardinal, the cardinal set the pope’s word above the Scriptures. Luther warmly resisted him. When he said, ‘The pope has authority and power over all things,’ Luther answered,

“‘Save the Scriptures.’

“““Save the Scriptures”! Do you not know that the pope is higher than the councils? for he has recently condemned and punished the Council of Bâle.’

““But the University of Paris has appealed against his decision,’ said Luther.

““Those gentlemen of Paris will receive their desert,’ answered the cardinal.

“They then discussed the faith that Luther declared to be necessary to make the sacraments of use. Luther quoted the Bible, and the cardinal derided it. One of the Italians was so indignant at Luther that he



often interrupted the conversation. The cardinal commanded him to be silent, and finally was obliged to reprove him in so authoritative tone that the man left the room in confusion. And he was the cardinal's master of ceremonies.

“‘As to indulgences,’ said Luther, ‘if you can prove to me that I am mistaken, I am ready to receive instruction; we may leave that subject open without compromising our faith as Christians. But, as to that other article, concerning faith, if I yielded anything there, I should be denying Christ. I cannot, therefore, and I will not, yield that point, and by God’s help I will hold it to the end.’

“The cardinal now became very angry, and said,

“‘Whether you will or will not, you *must* this very day retract that article, or else for that article alone I will proceed to reject and condemn all your doctrine.’

“‘I have no will but the Lord’s,’ replied Luther; ‘he will do with me what seemeth good in his sight. But, had I a hundred heads, I would rather lose them all than re-

tract the testimony I have borne to the holy Christian faith.'

" 'I am not come here to argue with you,' said the cardinal. 'Retract or prepare to endure the punishment you have deserved.'

"Seeing that nothing could be gained by conference, Luther showed a desire to leave.

" 'Do you wish that I should give you a safe-conduct to repair to Rome?' asked the cardinal.

"But Luther knew enough to refuse an offer that would have delivered him helplessly into the hands of his enemies. Several times the offer was repeated, but as often was it declined.

"The cardinal would gladly now have cast out of his hands a matter which he saw was too much for him. But he concealed the chagrin he felt at Luther's refusal, and, assuming an air of dignity, he dismissed the monk with a compassionate smile.

"Hardly had Luther reached the courtyard of the palace when he was met by the dismissed master of ceremonies, who made haste to overpower him by arguments. But

Luther, disgusted with the man's folly, answered him with such a withering rebuke that he slunk back abashed to the palace.

"The cardinal and all his courtiers were greatly surprised at the noble firmness of Luther. Instead of a poor monk suing abjectly for pardon, they beheld an undaunted Christian, an enlightened doctor, who demanded of them proofs to support their unjust accusations and courageously defended his own doctrine. With united voice they exclaimed against the pride, obstinacy and effrontery of the heretic.

"When Luther returned to the convent of the Carmelites, where he was staying, a joyful surprise awaited him. The vicar-general of the Augustines, Staupitz, was there. He had not been able to prevent Luther from going to Augsburg; so he resolved to join him there, in hope of rendering him some service.

"Staupitz saw that great results would flow from this conference. His fears and his friendship for Luther combined to disturb him. It was a great comfort for Luther, after that trying interview with the

cardinal, to be permitted to meet so dear a friend."

"I have forgotten who Staupitz was," said Maggie.

"Why, he was the man who gave Luther the Bible," said Paul.

"The vicar-general of the Augustines," added Mrs. Arnold.

"After hearing about the first interview, Staupitz expected no good from any that might follow. He therefore decided to release Luther from the obligation of obedience to his order—the order of the Augustines, to which, you know, Luther belonged. If Luther should fail in his undertaking, no disgrace would then fall upon the Augustines; and if the cardinal should oblige him to silence Luther or to insist upon his recantation, then he—Staupitz—would have an excuse for not complying.

"The ceremony of releasing Luther was gone through with in the usual form. Luther understood all it meant; the order he chose in the enthusiasm of his youth now rejected him. His natural protectors forsook him, and he became a stranger to his

brethren. But, looking to his faithful God, who has said, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee,' he was comforted."

"I thought Staupitz was his friend?" said Josie.

"He was, but at the same time he could not help fearing he would fall before his powerful enemies. He kept close to Luther the next day as he returned to the cardinal's palace, and earnestly directed the Reformer's heart to the Lord, who alone could sustain.

"'Ever bear in mind, my dear brother,' he said, 'that you entered on these struggles in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.'

"Luther this time answered the cardinal in writing. He expressed his respect for the Romish Church and again declared himself willing to be instructed and corrected if he had erred, but, at the same time, he solemnly protested against the way in which he had been treated, especially against being commanded to retract before he had been convicted of error.

"The cardinal was quite confused and embarrassed by this protest. He tried to laugh, and, putting on a mild tone, said,



“‘This protest is quite unnecessary. I will not dispute with you in public or in private, but my wish is to settle the whole affair with paternal tenderness.’”

“‘Luther didn’t retract, did he, father?’” asked Maggie.

“No, no!—The cardinal said,

“‘Retract, retract! Such is the pope’s will.’

“But Luther said,

“‘I cannot retract, but I offer to answer, and in writing. We had enough of contention yesterday.’

“The cardinal tried to hide his rage by another smile, and answered mildly :

“‘“Contention”! My dear son, I did not contend with you. I am as little inclined as yourself to contention, but, to gratify His Highness the elector Frederick, I am ready to hear you and exhort you as a friend and a father.’

“Before the interview ended the cardinal sneered, chided and raved. At last Staupitz tried to stop him by saying,

“‘Deign to allow Dr. Martin time to answer.’

“But he was resolved to have all the talk to himself, and nobody could stop him.

“At last the cardinal was prevailed upon to allow Luther to answer in writing, and the Reformer left the palace rejoicing that his just request had been granted. But it daily became plainer to all that the cardinal would listen to nothing from Luther except the words, ‘I retract;’ and those words Luther was determined not to utter. What issue could be looked for in so unequal a struggle? How could it be thought for a moment that the whole power of Rome, arrayed against one man, could fail in the end to crush him?

“Luther saw all this; he felt the pressure of that heavy hand under which he had dared to place himself. He despaired of ever returning to Wittemberg, of seeing his dear Philip again and once more finding himself surrounded by those noble youths in whose hearts he so delighted to sow the seeds of everlasting life. He saw the sentence of excommunication suspended over his head, and he did not doubt that it would shortly fall upon him. He was distressed, but not

cast down ; his trust in God was not shaken. Whatever might happen, Luther resolved to defend the truth to the last.

“ With these feelings, Luther began to prepare the protest he intended to present to the cardinal. When he returned with it to the palace, the Italians crowded around him and gazed intently on his writing, which to them seemed so daring and presumptuous. The cardinal looked it over, and said, coolly,

“ ‘ You have wasted many words and written what is little to the purpose ; you have replied very foolishly to the two charges brought against you, and you have covered your paper with numerous passages from the holy Scriptures that have no reference whatever to the subject.’ Then, with a contemptuous gesture, he threw down the protest and renewed his old cry, ‘ Retract !’

“ Luther was firm.

“ ‘ Brother, brother !’ cried the cardinal ; ‘ when you were last here you were very docile, but to-day you are altogether intractable.’

“ Then the cardinal delivered a long speech and thought he had silenced Luther.

Several times Luther tried to speak, but was not permitted. At length his indignation burst forth in earnest, telling words, to the great astonishment of the bystanders. Finally, in reply to the oft-repeated, 'Retract!' he said,

" 'Only prove to me that the treasure of indulgence is the *very merit* of Christ, and I consent to retract, according to the will and pleasure of Your Eminence.'

"The cardinal grew very angry as he listened to Luther's indignant and forcible words, and the Italians really enjoyed seeing his discomfiture, for Luther very plainly proved that the cardinal was wrong. In his anger he threatened to send Luther to Rome to appear before judges commissioned to try his cause :

" 'I will excommunicate you and all your partisans, and will cast you out of the Church. Full power has been given me for this purpose by the holy apostolic See. Think you that your protectors will stop me? Do you imagine that the pope can fear Germany? The pope's little finger is stronger than all the princes of Germany put together.'

“ ‘Condescend,’ replied Luther, ‘to forward my written answer to Pope Leo X., with my most humble prayers.’ ”

Haughtily the legate replied :

“ ‘Retract, or return no more !’ ”

“ It makes me think of Moses and Pharaoh,” said Maggie.

“ So it does me,” said Charlie.

“ Luther left the cardinal’s presence, and they never again met ; but what Luther had said about faith made an impression upon the cardinal and considerably changed his views.”

“ He didn’t become a Reformer, did he ? ” asked Charlie.

“ Oh no, but he retracted his errors.— Luther returned to the monastery where he had been a guest. He had stood firm ; he had borne witness to the truth ; he had done what it was his duty to do : God would do the rest. His heart overflowed with joy and peace.”

“ Were his troubles over now ? ” asked Maggie.

“ No. A rumor went throughout the city that if he did not retract he was to be seized



and thrown into a dungeon; it was even said that his friend Staupitz had given his consent to this. Luther would not for a moment believe that Staupitz would betray him. Yet even if his life was in danger, Luther would not leave Augsburg.

"The cardinal sent for Staupitz and tried to persuade him to use his influence with Luther.

"‘Try,’ he said, ‘to prevail upon your monk and induce him to retract.’ And then, in a most condescending way, he added, ‘Really, I am pleased with him on the whole, and he has no better friend than myself.’

"The vicar-general confessed that to convince Luther of error was beyond his power, and proposed that the cardinal should have a public discussion with him."

"What did the cardinal say to that?" inquired Stephen.

"He exclaimed,

"‘I will argue no more with the beast. Those eyes of his are too deeply set in his head, and his looks have too much meaning in them.’"

"He was afraid of Luther," said Charlie.

"Did Staupitz go then to Luther and urge his retracting?" asked Josie.

"He went to Luther and tried to persuade him to yield a little, but Luther soon silenced him; and Staupitz then told him that the cardinal was going to send him in writing the points on which he required his recantation. Then Staupitz told Luther he was going to leave Augsburg, as he had now nothing more to do. After some words of comfort they separated, and Luther sat alone in his cell."

"'Cell'!" exclaimed Maggie. "Was he in prison?"

"Oh no; you forget that he was a guest in a convent," explained Mrs. Arnold. "They did not board in large hotels. He was used to convents, you know."

"Yes," said Josie; "I have read that after his marriage he still lived in a convent."

"Well, when he sat alone in his cell, did he feel like taking back anything he had said?" asked Charlie.

"No; he said, 'I will not become a heretic by renouncing the faith that has made me

a Christian. Better far would it be to be cast out and accursed and perish at the stake.'—The cardinal did not send Luther the paper containing points that he was expected to retract. He said he no longer considered Luther a heretic, and he would not excommunicate him at this time unless he received further instructions from Rome. And he added that if Luther would only retract on the subject of indulgences the business would soon be settled."

"And what would he do about other points on which they differed?" asked Mrs. Arnold.

"Oh, no matter for them: the indulgences brought in the money, you know," said Mr. Arnold.—"After quietly waiting several days and hearing nothing from the cardinal, Luther wrote him a letter 'entreating his fatherly kindness,' confessing that he had not shown 'sufficient diffidence, gentleness and respect for the name of the sovereign pontiff,' and wishing that he had conducted his cause 'more meekly, courtuously and reverently.'—'This grieves me much,' he said, 'and I ask pardon. I will publicly acknowledge it from the pulpit,

and will endeavor henceforth to speak differently.' ”

“I wish he wouldn't be so humble,” exclaimed Charlie.

“It shows that he did not want to rebel against the authority of the Church,” said Mr. Arnold.

“How did the cardinal answer his letter?” asked Josie.

“He never answered it. ‘Perhaps he is waiting to hear from Rome,’ said some of Luther's friends, and they urged Luther to draw up an appeal to the pope and to leave Augsburg without delay. Luther yielded to the wishes of his friends in regard to leaving Augsburg. Before he left he wrote to the cardinal, telling him that he was going away. It was a bolder letter than the other. At its close he said, ‘I have committed no crime; I ought, therefore, to have nothing to fear.’

“This letter was not to be given to the cardinal until after his departure, for fear that he might prevent him. The cardinal was surprised and vexed when he found Luther had left the city. The honor of healing the

wounds of the Church and of re-establishing the waning influence of the pope in Germany had slipped through his fingers. 'What will be said of all this at the Vatican?' he could not help asking himself.

"Serra Longa and the rest of the Italians were furious at seeing themselves outwitted by a German monk. Luther's friends rejoiced, and many said the obstinacy of Rome would hasten her ruin."

Mr. Arnold laid down the book, and they all talked together about Luther. Mr. Arnold told them that when Luther got as far Nuremberg he saw the brief the pope had sent to the cardinal. He was very indignant, and would probably never have appeared before the cardinal if he had known what was in it.

"What did Luther say?" asked Maggie.

"He said, 'It is impossible to believe that anything so monstrous can have come from a sovereign pontiff.'"

"Seems to me," said Charlie, "it took him a long time to find out those fellows."

"I think so too," exclaimed Stephen.

Mr. Arnold reminded the children that



the pope in this brief, or letter, to the cardinal told him to call upon the emperor and other princes of Germany to aid in seizing Luther and bringing him to Rome. He proposed excommunication not only for Luther, but also for all who failed to assist in this righteous undertaking. For all, excepting the emperor, he refused Christian burial if they declined helping secure the great Reformer; he also deprived them of their property."

"How could Luther escape such a powerful combination against him?" asked Mr. Arnold.

"The Lord protected him," said Josie, timidly.

"That is the secret of it, Josie," remarked her father.—"In this brief it was stated that Jerome, bishop of Asculan, had declared him a heretic. Luther looked at the date of the brief, and said, 'The most remarkable part of the transaction is this: the brief was issued the 23d of August; I was summoned the 7th of August; so that between the summons and the brief sixteen days had elapsed. Now, make the calculation, and

you will find that My Lord Jerome, bishop of Asculan, proceeded against me, pronounced judgment, condemned me and declared me a heretic before the summons reached me, or, at the most, within sixteen days after it had been forwarded to me. Now, I ask, what becomes of the sixty days that are granted me in the summons itself? They began the 7th of August; they would expire the 7th of October. Is this the style and manner of the Roman court, that in the same day she summons, exhorts, accuses, judges, condemns and declares guilty, and this, too, in the case of one who is at such a distance from Rome and who can have no knowledge of what is going on? What answer can they make to all this?"

"The same day—August 23, 1518—the pope wrote to the elector Frederick in a flattering way, trying to persuade him to deliver Luther into the cardinal's hands. And so all earthly powers were put in motion against the humble monk.

"When Luther read the pope's brief," said Mr. Arnold, "he felt that there was no place where he could dwell in safety. He

was not sure that even Frederick would protect him ; and if Frederick turned against him, he would probably lose all his friends at court. Staupitz had lost favor with the prince, and he was leaving Saxony ; Spalatin had not much influence over Frederick."

"Who was Spalatin?" asked Charlie.

"Why, Frederick's secretary and chaplain. Don't you remember?" answered Stephen. "Frederick was very fond of him once, I know."

"Yes, Frederick *was* fond of him, but Frederick did not know enough about the gospel to be willing to risk any dangers," said Mr. Arnold.

"Who do you mean by 'the prince'?" asked Charlie.

"Why, Frederick the elector. Sometimes he is called 'prince;' he was called 'elector' because he was one of the princes who 'elected' the emperor," answered Mr. Arnold.

"Where did Luther go?" asked Paul.

"He went back to Wittemberg, where his friends gave him a warm greeting. He wrote to Spalatin: 'I have arrived to-day

at Wittemberg, safe and sound, through God's mercy, but how long I shall stay here I know not. I am filled with joy and peace, and find it hard to conceive how the trial I am enduring can appear so grievous to so many distinguished men.'"

"You said the pope wrote to the elector Frederick, father; how did the elector answer?" asked Josie.

"The elector sent the letter to Luther, who was very indignant when he read it. Luther immediately wrote to Frederick, telling him all about the conference at Augsburg. 'I would like to answer that letter myself,' he said, 'putting myself in the elector's place;' and he told the prince what he would like to say. His words were so full of truth and earnestness, so courageous and trustful, so humble and eloquent, that they made a deep impression upon Frederick, and he resolved not to be moved either by flatteries or by threats. He declined to send Luther to Rome, neither would he banish him from his territories.

"The university at Wittemberg had also addressed a letter to the elector, the students

declaring themselves on the side of Luther. This letter no doubt helped Frederick to decide in Luther's favor. This university had a great and growing reputation. Crowds of students flocked to it from all Germany. As they came from afar to be instructed within its walls, some of these young men would stop when they discovered in the distance the steeples of Wittemberg, and, raising their hands to heaven, would bless God for having caused the light of truth to shine forth from Wittemberg."

"These students, Luther said, were as diligent as ants upon an ant-hill," remarked Mrs. Arnold.

"Did Luther stay at Wittemberg?" asked Stephen.

"He began to think of France as a place where he might be safe. The doctors of the Paris university had a liberty that he envied. He hastened to prepare a report of the Augsburg conference; he wanted it preserved as a memorial of the struggle between Rome and himself. He daily expected to be driven out of Germany. His friends were full of fears; they entreated him to deliver



himself into the hands of the elector as a prisoner, so that he might be in safe keeping."

"Why didn't he stay where he was and let God take care of him?" questioned Maggie.

"It was not so much fear of danger to himself that led Luther to think of going as it was the opposition that hindered his speaking and writing many things. 'If I depart,' he said, 'I will freely pour forth the thoughts of my heart and devote my life to Christ.'"

"Did he go to France?" asked Josie.

"No. One day word came from Frederick telling him to go. He invited his friends to a farewell repast, and while they were at the table a letter came enclosing an order for his departure and asking why he delayed so long. He was dejected for a moment, but soon his courage returned; and, raising his head, he said firmly and joyfully to those about him, 'Father and mother forsake me, but the Lord will take me up.'"

"So he had to go!" mournfully exclaimed little Paul.

"No. A second message soon arrived telling him to stay. 'As the pope's new envoy hopes that everything may be settled by a conference,' the letter read, 'remain for the present.'"

"Good!" exclaimed Paul and Maggie both at once.

"The darkest hour was just before the dawn," said Mrs. Arnold.

"Yes. Luther and the cause of the Reformation had been brought very low, but from that time the Reformer rapidly arose, and his influence continued to increase. If Grandmother Morris were here, she would say, 'At the word of the Lord his servants go down to the depths and mount up again to heaven,'" said Mr. Arnold. "You remember how grandmother always had a text ready."

"Read a little more, father," said Josie.

"It is time for us to stop for this evening," said Mrs. Arnold; "and I propose that Stephen tells us next time what he has found out about modern Romanists."

"I would just like to tell you one thing more," said Mr. Arnold. "The pope pub-

lished another bull, confirming the doctrine of indulgences, but making no mention of Frederick or Luther. The cardinal published it. Luther appealed from the pope to a general council of the Church. He had his appeal printed, and ordered the printer to give him all the copies. He expected soon to be driven from Germany, and he resolved not to leave without a public protest, but he wanted to keep quiet until the right time came. However, the printer, to make a little money, sold every copy, and they were dispersed far and wide. Luther was much annoyed, but the thing was done."

## CHAPTER IX.

### MODERN ROMANISTS.

WHEN the next Sabbath evening came, Stephen was ready to tell many things about modern Romanists. The books his mother directed him to examine were bound volumes of *The American and Foreign Christian Union*, a monthly magazine that had long ago been banished to the garret to make room for newer books in the library. These books Stephen brought down into his bedroom, and began to read them.

Almost the first thing that Stephen found was an article about Dr. Achilli. Stephen was very much interested, and very indignant at the treatment Dr. Achilli received; and he lost no time in bringing this case before the family, assembled in the pleasant parlor:

“Why, mother, Dr. Achilli wasn’t doing anything but circulating the Bible when he

was arrested and thrown into the Inquisition."

"By Romanists?" asked Maggie.

"Yes, of course. Who else would do it?"

"When, Stephen?"

"It was in 1850, the book said. First he was in the Inquisition, and then he was taken to the castle of St. Angelo, a strong fortress in Rome.—Shall I get the book and read it, father?"

"No; tell it to us."

"His friends worked hard to get him out, and at last he escaped in the dress of a French soldier."

"What had he been doing, did you say?" asked Paul.

"Nothing but preaching and circulating the Bible."

"Where?" asked Josie.

"In the city of Rome," answered Stephen.

"He was a Romanist, and he left the Church of Rome and became a Protestant," said Mr. Arnold.

"Have you read about it?" asked Maggie.



"Yes, Maggie; I read about it in the papers.—Tell us all you can remember, Stephen."

"They accused him of crimes which I suppose he didn't commit, and did not give him a chance to defend himself. He was suspected of heresy while he was prior of a Dominican convent at Naples, and, to test him, they ordered him to preach a sermon about the Virgin Mary; and when he declined doing it, he was seized by the Inquisition and brought to Rome. He escaped and went to Corfu, and there he wrote a letter to the pope telling him he had become a Protestant. He was imprisoned by persons who pretended they were acting under orders of the French government."

"Rome was under the military rule of France at that time," explained Mr. Arnold.

"Yes, father; I read about that," said Stephen.

"Well, we haven't," said Maggie, "and you must make it as plain as you can."

Stephen smiled and said,

"Give me a chance, Maggie." Then,

turning to his father, he said, "He did not have such a *very* hard time at St. Angelo, for an American gentleman visited him and spoke of his having books; but he was not allowed writing-materials. His friends had very little hope of his release, but he expected it when the pope returned."

"Where was the pope?" asked Charlie.

"Who was the pope?" asked Maggie.

"Pius IX. He fled from Rome in 1848," said Mr. Arnold.

"Let me tell about that," said Stephen.

"Finish about Dr. Achilli first," said Mrs. Arnold.

"First they tried to make him a Romanist again, but it was no use talking to him; and then the French government sent two soldiers for him with a carriage, and they drove to a place where they left him alone with soldiers' clothes by him, so he just put them on and walked off; and then friends gave him money, and he sailed away."

"But I read about a man who had a worse time than Dr. Achilli in the Inquisition. He was a poor monk about sixty years old, and he was kept in a dungeon twelve years.

He could hardly walk when he was dragged out."

"How horrible!" exclaimed Maggie. "I'm glad they don't do such things in this country. I should think they would all come over here."

"Who, Maggie?" asked Stephen.

"Why, any one who is persecuted."

Mr. Arnold turned to his wife and asked her if she remembered about the Madiai family; and Mrs. Arnold said she did remember, and there was a little book about them somewhere in the house.\*

"Who were they?" inquired Charlie.

"A Portuguese family who were driven by persecution from the island of Madeira."

"Oh, I read about Portuguese exiles that came to New York from Madeira and went out to Illinois. Wherever they stopped the people were so kind to them! They gave them money, took them into their homes, and furnished them with employment when they wished to stay. One of their own ministers was with them."

"What means 'exiles'?" asked Paul.

\* *Letters of the Madiai*, Presbyterian Board of Publication.

“Persons sent away from their country and homes,” answered Mr. Arnold. “About four hundred and fifty were banished, or sent away, because they loved and obeyed God and his word.”

“I read about those Portuguese exiles,” said Stephen. “There was a meeting held in Brooklyn, at the church of the Pilgrims, and Dr. Bethune spoke about their persecutions.—And, father, he spoke about the pope fleeing from Rome. He said he fled like a hireling and left the flock. Then God’s faithful servants carried the Bible into Rome; and he said there was enough Bible there to blow sky-high all the cardinals.”

“Did Dr. Bethune say ‘sky-high’?” inquired Maggie, gravely.

“Yes, miss, he did,” said Stephen. “Another thing I read. The pope while in exile wrote a very sorrowful letter. He said he could not refrain from tears at the mischief Protestantism was making. Some Italians were so base that they formed the design of drawing their fellow-countrymen into the religious meetings of the Protestants.”

"Just think what a crime!" exclaimed Mr. Arnold, in mock-horror.

The children soon found that the spirit of popery was the same in this age. Stephen read to them a letter from a missionary in Hayti telling what the work of the Romanists had effected in that island during the three and a half centuries in which they have labored to advance their religion. The people are debased and immoral; crimes are regarded as virtues by the ignorant and with indifference by those who have some education. The mass, processions, benedictions, and a host of other coarse superstitions, are the chief parts of religion in Hayti.

"God is almost unknown there," wrote this missionary; "it is to the Virgin and the saints that the people address their prayers. If they lose anything, they address themselves to St. Anthony. Are they sick? They wash three times a day in holy water. About five months since, the child Jesus, Mary and Joseph were said to have descended on a palm tree, and they were of a *black color*."



"And that was in 1850," said Charlie, laughing.

Stephen continued reading:

"All the children wear on their breasts a leaden, pewter or silver cross, according to the means of their parents. Gold crosses are held in great veneration. These ignorant people believe that if any one has a cross of gold in his house all is safe. Some will steal for the sake of obtaining a gold cross. The church of Gonaïves was robbed a few years ago, and the robber, having been discovered, said that he did it to get a golden cross. Nevertheless, he was shot. The masses said for the dead are in great vogue in Hayti; sometimes a hundred candles are burning during the mass. When the service is over, the people dance, sing and feast. When some one dies, the soul of the deceased is accustomed to come during the night and spill or trouble the water which is in the vessels of the house. Then they make what they call a *neuvaine*. A woman who has no other employment begins, on the invitation of the relatives of the deceased, by making a cake, which she places on the threshold

of the door. Then they furnish her with four bottles of oil and four candles, and she makes prayers during nine nights. The ninth night the relatives and friends of the deceased assemble, and eat, drink, dance and amuse themselves, and all is finished. The woman who officiates takes four dollars for her prayers; a mass is also performed. A few persons who have been educated reject these superstitions. The population is said to be about seven hundred thousand souls, and the people, as a general thing, are very indolent.

"Another missionary writes," continued Stephen, "that the labors of Protestant missionaries have already accomplished much good."

The next thing Stephen brought before the family circle was notes of a lecture delivered in New York by Archbishop Hughes. His subject was "The Decline of Protestantism, and its Causes."

"I did not know it had declined," remarked Mrs. Arnold.

"Well, the archbishop said it has," replied Stephen, "and he points to France,

where, he says, the Protestant churches are only the decay of ancient splendor."

"I should think," remarked Mrs. Arnold, "that the archbishop would be ashamed to speak on that subject. Just think what the Romish Church has done to cause the decline of Protestantism in France. Remember the scenes of blood for which Rome was accountable in the reigns of Francis I., Henry II., Francis II., Charles IX., Henry III., Louis XIII., Louis XIV. and Louis XV. Remember the Massacre of St. Bartholomew and the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Yes, Protestantism in France was almost extinguished by bloody and long-continued persecution instigated by Rome."

"Even as late as 1817," said Mr. Arnold, "she tried to repeat those scenes of blood."

"The archbishop berates the Protestants on account of their want of success in their missions among the heathen," said Stephen.

"What have *they* done?" inquired Mrs. Arnold. "What are Rome's converts compared with the converts of Protestantism? Look at the crucifix-kissing, picture-worshiping converts in China and India. And

where are their printing-presses and their schools?"

"He says," continued Stephen, "that if Protestantism had been what it professed to be it had the means to carry its conquests to the ends of the earth."

"Why did not Protestantism triumph in all countries as it did in England, Wales, Scotland, Holland, portions of Germany and Switzerland, Denmark, Norway and Sweden?" asked Mrs. Arnold. And then she answered her own question, saying, "Because Rome exerted all her power to root out what she called 'Lutheran heresy.'"

"He complains that Protestantism casts off all human authority," said Stephen.

"What a charge!" exclaimed Mr. Arnold.

"Yes, and it goes to the Bible for authority," said Mrs. Arnold.

"Does popery forbid the Bible?" is a question often raised between Romanists and Protestants," remarked Mr. Arnold, "and it is a point of dispute which may be decided either way. It can be clearly proved that the Church of Rome forbids the free use of the Bible by her children, and it

can also be proved that she allows it, or seems to allow it. This double-tongued teaching of hers is very convenient for her purposes; she can thus keep the Book out of the hands of men without exposing herself to just reproaches—at least, she thinks she can.”

“We find a rule enacted by the great Council of Trent and approved by Pope Pius IV. which wrests the Scriptures out of the hands of obedient Romanists,” said Mrs. Arnold.

“They can read the Douay Bible, I believe,” said Stephen.

“That has never been approved for general use either by pope, council or synod,” answered his father.

“I read about a Spaniard,” said Stephen, “who was a devout Romanist; I believe he was a priest. One day, when he was sick, he found in his library a Bible. He began to study it, and soon became a Protestant. He wrote to the bishop about the change in his views, but the bishop did not answer him. Then he wrote to the teachers of theology at the university at Saragossa.



The easiest way for them to treat the matter was to get the Spaniard thrown into the Inquisition. His health was feeble, and he came near dying before he escaped."

"How did he get out?" eagerly asked Paul.

"His friends helped him; I do not know exactly how. He went to France, but soon came back to his congregation; and it was not long before he was again seized. The terrible officers of the Inquisition examined him, and in answer to their questions he frankly declared that he took his opinions from the Bible. He said that purgatory was an invention of men, and many other things which the officers did not like. Some persons wanted to burn this man at the stake, but the inquisitor-general objected. They gave him a second trial, and again proposed burning him. They tried to make him retract, but he would not. And then he became sick, and soon died. During his sickness the Romanists tried in every way to persuade him to give up his Protestant views and be reconciled to the Church. 'I am in God's hands,' he said, 'and have nothing more to do.'"

Stephen was silent a moment, and, for a wonder, no one spoke; they were waiting for Stephen to tell something more. Then he said he had read about St. Peter coming in a vision to the pope and telling him that he had lost all chance of salvation by allowing his subjects some political reforms, and informing him that the only way he could regain the favor of Heaven was to restore things as they were in the days of Pope Gregory XVI.

"I did not suppose popes could lose the favor of Heaven," said Josie, "or lose their chances of Heaven."

"No; they generally want us to believe that the pope is infallible," said Mrs. Arnold.

"Yes; and let me tell you something," said Stephen, eagerly. "There was a Captain Pakenham, an Irishman who had been helping print the New Testament in Florence. He said they took an edition translated by an archbishop of Florence—not because it was the best edition, but because one of the popes had approved of it—and he asks how one infallible pope can give

his approval to a translation which another infallible pope seizes."

"Could he answer that question?" asked Mr. Arnold, laughing.

"No, father; he said if he must give an explanation of the infallibility of the popes he would have more than he could get through; so he passed it over, only saying that this infallible pope, Pius IX., did seize this edition of Martini's, which was approved by another infallible pope, and it is now in the top-story of a very high palace in Florence. The bottom story is a common prison."

"When was this?" asked Mr. Arnold.

"It was in 1850," answered Stephen.

Charlie laughed and said,

"Everything you tell seems to be in 1850."

"Well," replied Stephen, "I was reading the first volume of those books mother gave me, and it contained only the magazines of that year."

After a pause Stephen said,

"This Captain Pakenham said, 'When the pope leaves Rome, we can print the Scriptures there; and when the pope comes back again, we must lock up the Scriptures.

He told a story of what happened in carrying the Testaments from the printing-house and his own house to the prison. A common police-officer who considered himself a mighty great character called upon one of the men who were carrying them, and, with a great show of authority, said, 'I challenge you, in the name of the law, to tell me whether there are any more of this sort of books in your master's house.' The man replied that he had better ask his master. 'Oh,' replied this officer, 'you are not to set aside my authority in that way; I desire you to obey me.' The man replied that if he must know he would give his opinion frankly. 'But mind,' he said, 'you asked for it. You say that it is a bad book, and that it must be seized and imprisoned; and you ask me if there are any more. Why, if it is a bad book, the author of it must be bad, and you had better seize and imprison him.' The officer had nothing more to say. When the edition was printed, every one of the workmen asked for a copy, saying they knew it was a good book. You may be sure Captain Pakenham was glad to give

it to them. Afterward the captain was called to defend himself, and so was the printer; but, after bringing the matter before several courts, they were released after paying the smallest possible fines and the expenses of the courts, which were very trifling."

"Paul looks as if he wanted to ask a question," said Stephen, pausing in his narrative.

"He has looked so very long," remarked Maggie.

"Well, little chap, what is it?" questioned Stephen.

"What means 'infallible'?" asked Paul.

"Not able to do wrong or make any mistake," answered Stephen.

"St. Peter put him in a bad fix," said Charlie.

"How long was Pius IX. in exile?" asked Josie.

"About seventeen months," said Stephen. "But he need not have stayed all that time. When he came back, they did not give him a very flattering reception, though there was a great crowd assembled on the open place



in front of St. John de Lateran. A thanksgiving was celebrated in that famous church, but the building was not half full. When the service was over, the pope went in state to the Vatican palace, which is more than a mile and a half from the church. The Vatican is near St. Peter's church, and another service was held there. The illumination in the evening was general, and there was a very good reason for it: nobody dared refuse to comply with the *invitation* of the police to place a candle at his window unless he wished to get into serious and long-continued trouble. But there were many who withheld their homage. A little printed sheet was largely circulated in the city in which many bold truths were spoken which must have made the old pope tremble."

Mr. Arnold told the children many things about the state of Italy and France at that time, but my book would grow too large if I gave you all their conversations.

## CHAPTER X.

### *MAXIMILIAN'S THRONE.*

“**W**HAT was the last we had about Luther? Where did we leave off?” questioned Mr. Arnold as the little group gathered around him.

“He was thinking about going to France,” answered Josie. “He expected to be driven out of Germany.”

“Yes—exiled,” said Maggie; “like the Portuguese exiles.”

“But he didn’t go,” said Charlie.

“No; first Frederick told him to go, and then he told him to stay,” said Stephen.

“And the pope published another bull, and Luther appealed to a general council of the Church. This appeal was a new attack upon the authority of the pope. A bull of Pius II. had pronounced the great excommunication against any one—even though he should be the emperor himself—who

should be guilty of such a rejection of the holy Father's authority.

"You know that in the Romish Church they practice what they call greater and lesser excommunication. The lesser excludes a person from the sacraments and certain other privileges of the Church, and is pronounced upon private sinners; but the greater excommunication is far more severe and farreaching. It cuts the offender off not only from church membership, but also from all social intercourse with Christians. A man thus cursed by the Church must be shunned by all. Heresy, public apostasy and great crimes were punished in this way by the Church, and the sinner lost his rank and office, his civil rights and property.

"Frederick of Saxony, not yet strong in the faith, was on the point of banishing Luther from his estate. A second message from Leo X. would in that case have thrown the Reformer among strangers, who might fear to shelter a poor monk cursed by powerful Rome. But at the moment when all his courtiers were urging Leo to rigorous measures, when another blow would have

laid his enemy at his feet, the pope suddenly changed his course and made peaceful offers."

"Why did he do it?" asked Stephen.

"Several reasons are given. Some think he mistook Frederick's feeling and supposed him to be more friendly to Luther than he really was; but I do not think that would have made much difference with the pope. Let me read you what D'Aubigné says;" and Mr. Arnold took up the book and read: "A noble Saxon, chamberlain to the pope, and canon of Mentz, of Treves and of Meissen, was then at the court of Rome. He had worked his way into favor. He boasted of his connection by family relationship with the princes of Saxony; so that the Roman courtiers sometimes called him 'duke of Saxony.' In Italy he paraded his German nobility; in Germany he awkwardly affected the manners and refinements of Italy. He was addicted to wine, and this vice had gained strength from his residence at Rome. Nevertheless, the Roman courtiers built great hopes on him. His German origin, his insinuating manners and

his skill in negotiation altogether persuaded them that Charles Miltitz would by his prudence succeed in arresting the revolution that threatened the world.

"It was important to hide the real object of the Roman chamberlain's mission, and this was not difficult. Four years before, the pious elector had petitioned the pope for the Golden Rose. This Rose was supposed to represent the body of Jesus Christ; it was consecrated every year by the sovereign pontiff and presented to one of the leading princes of Europe. It was decided to present it this year to the elector."

"What was it like?" inquired Josie.

"It was merely an ornament, I believe," answered Mr. Arnold.

"I read," said Stephen, "that Cardinal Patrizzi, who was sent to Paris to baptize the prince imperial, carried a Golden Rose as a present from the pope to the empress. It must have looked like a rose, for I remember he said it represented to the eyes of all the faithful the most magnificent flower."

"Let us hear about Miltitz," said Mr. Ar-



nold, resuming his reading: "Miltitz was sent from Rome to look into affairs generally, and also to gain an influence over Spalatin and Pfeffinger, the elector's counselors; he was entrusted with private letters for them. By thus making friends of those who surrounded the elector, Rome expected quickly to become the mistress of her now formidable enemy.

"The new legate arrived in Germany in December, 1518, and endeavored in the course of his journey to sound the general opinion. To his great astonishment, he noticed, wherever he stopped, that the majority of the inhabitants were favorable to the Reformation. Men spoke of Luther with enthusiasm. For one who declared himself on the pope's side he found three against him.

"The mere report of the arrival of the new legate spread suspicion and distrust in the elector's court, the university, the city of Wittemberg and throughout Saxony. 'Thank God, Martin is still alive!' Melanchthon wrote in alarm. It was whispered that Miltitz had orders to get Luther

into his power by snare and violence. Many warned him to be on his guard. When it was told Luther that Miltitz had a brief from the pope, with orders to seize him, he replied, 'I wait the will of God.'"

"Did he really have such a brief?" asked Josie.

"He had numerous letters addressed to the elector, his counselors, the bishops and the burgomaster of Wittemberg. He brought with him seventy apostolic briefs. If the flattery and the favors of Rome were successful, and Frederick should deliver up Luther, these briefs were to be used as passports. It was his plan to post up one of them in each town on his route, and in this way to convey his prisoner to Rome without opposition."

"And what did Frederick do? I thought you once said he was Luther's great friend?" said Josie.

"Frederick and his court hardly knew what to do. The mildness and the flattery of the holy Father, uttered by his legate, could not easily be resisted. Would it not be well to let Luther hide until the storm

passed by? But now a great event changed the aspect of the world. Maximilian, the emperor of Germany, died, and Frederick, according to the Germanic constitution, became administrator of the empire. From that moment he was relieved from fear of nuncios and their plans. New interests in the Roman court changed their plans and held back the arm of Miltitz."

"Then Luther was safe!" said Paul, drawing a long breath.

"What new interests?" asked Stephen as his father laid down the book and curiously looked at little Paul.

"Do you like to hear it, Paul?"

"Oh yes, uncle. Please go on."

"You ask what the new interests at Rome were, Stephen. I will tell you. Charles of Austria was king of Naples; the pope was very anxious to prevent his having Maximilian's throne. He wanted Frederick to help him, so he resolved to give Luther rest for a time. Political troubles in different places drew attention from the great Reformer, and the leading men of the age found enough to do without persecuting Luther.

Meanwhile, under shelter of Frederick, now vicar of the emperor, the gospel spread abroad, and the power of the pope was greatly damaged.

“And what became of Miltitz?” asked Maggie.

“He reached Saxony before Maximilian died, and hurried to Spalatin, who was once his friend. But as soon as he began to open his charges against Luther, Spalatin broke out in complaint against Tetzel. He told Miltitz all Tetzel’s falsehoods and blasphemies, and declared that all Germany believed that Tetzel’s proceedings had caused all the strife that distracted the Church. Miltitz was astonished; instead of accuser, he found himself in the place of one accused. His wrath was kindled against Tetzel, and he ordered him to appear and give an account of himself. Tetzel—the coward!—began to tremble; he had already hidden himself away from the indignation of the people. He turned pale when he received Miltitz’s letter, and felt that Rome had abandoned him. He refused to come: ‘I would not shrink from the fatigue of the journey if I

could leave Leipsic without risking my life, but Martin Luther has so roused and excited powerful chiefs against me that I am nowhere safe. A great number of his partisans have bound themselves by oath to put me to death; therefore I cannot come to you.' ”

“That was not true, was it, father?”

“No.”

“What a coward he was, compared with Luther!” exclaimed Josie. “Was Tetzal hidden in Leipsic?”

“Yes; he was living in the college of St. Paul. The next thing Miltitz tried was an interview with Luther. When he sent for Luther, there was no delay or hesitation on Luther's part; and they met at the house of Spalatin. Miltitz talked very gently and sweetly: ‘Dear Martin,’ he called him. ‘Even if I were backed by an army of twenty-five thousand men,’ he said, ‘I truly would not undertake to kidnap and carry you to Rome,’ and then he tried to persuade him to retract. He expressed high esteem for Luther, and great indignation against Tetzal.”

“How did Luther act?” questioned Josie.

“Luther replied calmly and earnestly.



He boldly complained of the unworthy manner in which the Roman court had treated him, notwithstanding the purity of his motives. Miltitz was again astonished: he had not expected that. Luther offered to keep silence if his enemies would do the same; but if they continued their attacks, he predicted a serious struggle. 'My weapons are ready prepared,' he said. He went farther than this; he said, 'I will write to His Holiness acknowledging that I have been a little too violent, and declare that it is as a faithful son of the Church that I have opposed a style of preaching which drew upon it the mockeries and insults of the people. I will even consent to a writing wherein I will desire all who shall read my works not to see in them any attack on the Church of Rome, and to continue in submission to its authority. Yes, I am willing to do everything and bear everything; but, as to a retraction, do not expect it from me.'

"Miltitz saw by Luther's manner that the best course was to seem satisfied with what the Reformer was willing to promise. He only proposed an archbishop as arbitrator

on some points he wanted to discuss. 'Be it so,' said Luther; 'but I much fear that the pope will not accept of any judge. If so, I will not abide by the pope's decision; and then the dispute will begin again. The pope will give us the text, and I will make my own commentary on it.'

"At a second interview a peace-paper was signed. The pope was to appoint an enlightened bishop to point out the errors which Luther was to retract; and if it could be proved he was in error, Luther said he would gladly retract and would nevermore do anything to lessen the honor and authority of the holy Roman Church.

"Miltitz was overjoyed. 'For a century,' he said, 'no question has caused more anxiety to the cardinals and the court of Rome. They would have given ten thousand ducats rather than see it prolonged.' He laughed and wept by turns, and even kissed Luther, who was not at all deceived; for he called his tears 'crocodile tears' and his kiss 'a Judas kiss.' He invited Luther to a supper, which invitation was accepted, and the repast was quite joyous.

“To all appearance, the struggle was nearly over. Rome had opened her arms, and the Reformer had cast himself into them. But the kisses of a man could not stop God’s work.

“After Charles Miltitz and Martin Luther had supped together, Miltitz hurried to Leipsic to vent his wrath upon Tetzel. He overwhelmed him with reproaches, accused him of being the cause of all the evil and threatened him with the pope’s anger. He accused Tetzel of having squandered or appropriated to his own use considerable sums of money.”

“So he did,” exclaimed Charlie.

“Luther seems to have been the only person who had any pity for Tetzel in his humiliation. It was not the *man*, but his *actions*, that he had hated. When Rome poured reproaches upon him, Luther wrote him a letter of consolation. But Tetzel, haunted by the remorse of conscience, alarmed by the reproaches of his dearest friends and dreading the anger of the pope, rapidly failed in health, and soon miserably died.

"Luther kept his promise made to Miltitz. He wrote to the pope; he declared that he had never sought, nor would he ever seek, to weaken the power of the Roman Church, nor of the pope."

"Why, father! How could he say that?" questioned Stephen.

"You must remember," said Mr. Arnold, "that the light gradually broke upon Luther. And the Reformation was not a mere opposition to the papacy; the grand truths preached by the Reformers—Christ, the Lord, over all and above all—certainly overthrew the doctrine of the pope's supremacy, but that was a result not to be avoided. The truth must be proclaimed, no matter what might follow; and the Reformers did not see the end from the beginning. Doubtless they hoped to reform the Church and remain its faithful followers."

"What did the pope say to Luther's letter?" asked Josie.

"He did not pay any attention to it; he was just then too busy with political affairs. Meanwhile, Luther was growing wiser in regard to the pope. About this time he

wrote: 'I know not whether the pope is Antichrist himself, or whether he is his apostle; so misrepresented, and even crucified, does Christ appear in them'—that is, in the popes. But the worse he found things going in the Church, the more need he felt for continuing in it; 'for it is not by separation,' he said, 'that we can make it better. On the contrary, the worse things are going, the more we should hold close to it.' So it was not Luther who separated himself from Rome, but Rome that separated herself from Luther. It was not Luther, but the doctrines he proclaimed, which weakened the power of the tyrant pope. To show you how gradually Luther's mind was enlightened, let me tell you that several years after he began to preach against indulgences (1517) we find him tolerating prayer to the saints, and even addressing his own prayers to the Virgin."

The children were much surprised at this.

"I read," said Stephen, "of a vision of St. Francis in which he saw two ladders reaching to heaven. At the top of one sat Jesus, and at the top of another—a white



one—Mary, his mother. He observed that many who tried to ascend the ladder at the top of which Christ sat failed; but when they attempted the white ladder, they succeeded, because Mary held forth her hand to save them.”

“Does not that teach that Mary takes the place of the Saviour, and that through her intercession, not the Redeemer’s, men can be saved?” questioned Mrs. Arnold.

“It certainly does,” answered Mr. Arnold. “In Archbishop Hughes’s journal he writes: ‘At waking and at going to sleep the first and last breath should be filled with “Ave, Maria!”’ That is an address or prayer to the Virgin.”

“Speaking about prayers to saints and the Virgin,” said Stephen, “I must tell you something. Once, in Tuscany, when the people had for several years lost much through the vine-disease spreading in their vineyards, the archbishop of Florence composed a collection of eighty-five prayers addressed to Noah. It says the book has a picture of Noah presiding at operations of the vintage and contains the archbishop’s

counsel allowing forty days' indulgence to those who devoutly recite these prayers."

"I think archbishops don't know much," said Maggie, very soberly.

"The archbishop of Bologna did not know much," said Stephen, "for he denounced D'Augbiné's *History of the Reformation* and warned the faithful against reading it."

"That's just the time I'd want to read it," said Charlie.

"When it was forbidden?" asked Josie.

"Yes, I would!" exclaimed Charlie.

"Was it translated into Italian, father?" asked Stephen.

"Oh yes, and it was carried around the country by colporteurs," said Mr. Arnold.

"I wouldn't want to read all those thirteen volumes, even if they were forbidden," said Maggie, glancing at the bookcase.

"But you like hearing uncle talk about them, don't you?" asked Paul.

"Yes, Paul, I like that."

"Even if you do get sleepy," remarked Josie.

"Well, I did last time, because it lasted so long," said Maggie.

“I have seen,” said Mr. Arnold, “a history of the Reformation in England and Ireland. By its title-page it professes to show ‘how that event has impoverished the main body of the people in those countries,’ and it gives a list of the abbeys, priories, nunneries, hospitals, and other religious foundations in England and Wales and Ireland, confiscated, seized on or alienated by the Protestant ‘Reformation’ sovereigns and parliaments. The book is addressed to all sensible and just Englishmen. In the introduction its author—William Cobbett, member of Parliament—says he trusts he has most clearly shown that that event has impoverished and degraded the main body of the people. The chief motives of the Reformation, he says, were motives of plunder.”

“He must have been a strong Romanist,” said Josie.

“He called himself a Protestant of the Church of England, and said he wrote from a sense of justice toward our calumniated Catholic forefathers. He seemed to think Englishmen owed to these Catholic forefathers all their best institutions.”

"He was a Romanist of the worst kind, I am sure," exclaimed Stephen, speaking with so much emphasis that he aroused Maggie, who was just beginning to nod.

In excusing herself, Maggie said they were talking about such dry things.

"I'll wake you up," said Stephen. "What do you think of a picture of the Virgin that opens and shuts its eyes?"

"Oh, Stephen! It couldn't do that," said Maggie.

"No one would believe that," said Charlie.

"Some people did believe it; one bishop fainted before it."

"It frightened him, I suppose," said Paul.

"What else, Stephen?"

"The Virgin Mary appeared to two shepherd-boys," said Stephen.

"Those things are all the time happening among the ignorant peasants," remarked Mr. Arnold.

"But, father, I read something good about the infallibility of the Romish Church; it came from a Canada newspaper. It said Galileo was twice denounced in the Inquisition for what he believed about the motion

of the earth and sun. He was imprisoned and punished in a queer way, I think."

"How?" asked Maggie.

"He had to recite the seven penitential psalms once a week for three years."

"I don't think that was very hard," said Paul. "But, Stephen, I don't understand about Galileo."

"He was an astronomer, and he taught that the earth goes round the sun."

"Does it, Stephen?"

"Why, yes, Paul; of course it does. Galileo found it out before the rest, and they would not believe it, but insisted that the earth stands still and the sun moves from east to west. Now, when everybody knows that Galileo was right, what is the Church of Rome to do? They pretend they make no mistakes; the Canada paper asks what kind of astronomy do they teach in their schools. And this is the way they try to get out of it: they say now he was not persecuted because he held these views, but because he tried to prove them by the Bible."

"The idea of persecuting people just because they think something about the sun



and the earth!" exclaimed Maggie. "And you say that he was right all the time, Stephen?"

"Of course he was," replied Stephen.—  
"Mother," said he, suddenly turning to her, "I found pictures of the Reformers in those magazines."

"Get them, please, Stephen," said Paul.

"Yes, do," echoed Maggie.

Stephen brought them. Martin Luther's was the first picture in the volume Stephen showed them. His picture was familiar to them all. Ulric Zwingle's interested them more, because they had never before seen his picture.

"He died in battle," remarked Josie as she looked at him.

"Yes, in the contest between the canton of Zurich and some of the Catholic cantons," said Mr. Arnold. "It was the error of his times to believe that truth might be defended with the sword."

"That error cost him his life," remarked Mr. Arnold.

"Wasn't he a good man?" asked Maggie, in some surprise.

"Oh yes, Maggie, but I think he made a mistake here."

"Look here!" exclaimed Charlie; "here is the pope himself. He's a pleasant-looking man."

"So he is," gravely remarked Paul; "but I don't like popes."

"D'Aubigné says he was mild and good-natured," said Mr. Arnold.

And now, as they turned the pages, looking for the next picture, they came to something printed in very large letters; and this is what met their astonished eyes: "A letter written by God himself, and which was handed down at Magdeburg." In smaller letters that followed they read: "It was written in golden letters, and sent from God himself by an angel. Whoever wishes to copy it, to him it shall be given; whoever despises it, from him will the Lord depart."

"Do they mean the Bible?" asked Paul.

"I guess not," replied Stephen. "Let me read what it says;" and he read: "'Whoever labors on Sunday is cursed; therefore I command that ye labor not on Sunday, but devoutly go to church. But not to

decorate your faces; ye shall not wear false hair, nor be proud of your riches; ye shall give to the poor liberally, and believe that this letter is written by my own hand and sent down by Christ himself, and that ye do not as the irrational beasts. Ye have six days in the week, but the seventh (namely, Sunday) ye shall sanctify. If ye will not do this, I will send war, famine, pestilence and scarcity among you, and punish you with many plagues. So I also command you, every one of you, whoever he may be, young and old, small and great, that ye never work late on Saturday, but ye shall repent of your sins, that they may be forgiven unto you. Nor desire silver and gold; gratify not the lusts of the flesh and its desires. Remember that I made you, and that I can destroy you. Be not rejoiced if your neighbor be poor; much more have compassion on him, so it shall be well unto you.'"

"That sounds well," said Josie.

"It doesn't sound well to say God wrote the letter, and an angel brought it down, when he didn't," cried Charlie.

“Oh no; I know that.—But what else does it say, Stephen?”

Stephen read:

“‘Ye children, honor father and mother, so it shall be well with you on earth; whoever does not do this is damned. I, Jesus, have written this with my own hand. Whoever contradicts and blasphemes it shall have no help to expect from me; whoever has the letter and does not reveal it, he is cursed from the Christian Church; and if your sins be ever so great, they shall be forgiven if ye exercise repentance and sorrow. Whoever does not believe it shall die and be tormented in hell, and I too shall inquire at the last day after your sins, when ye must answer me. And that person who carries the letter with him, or keeps it in his house, shall not be injured by any thunder-gust; he shall be secure from fire and water; and whoever shall reveal it before the children of men shall have his reward and obtain a blessed departure from this world. Keep my commandment, which I have sent to you through my angel. I, true God of the throne of heaven, Son of God and of Mary.

Amen. This is written at Magdeburg in the year 1783.’”

Expressions of astonishment and disgust were freely uttered by the children.

Josie at length said,

“That was a good while ago—1783.”

“Yes, but you see what it says here;” and Stephen read: “‘A friend has just sent us a large and handsomely-printed German handbill issued at Philadelphia for the Germans living there.’ That was not so long ago. You see, the old original lie, after nearly seventy years, was reprinted.”

Afterward the children looked at and talked about the other pictures until time came to say “Good-night,” and to be off to bed.



## CHAPTER XI.

### *DR. ECK AND LUTHER.*

THE next Sabbath evening Mr. Arnold read from the history how rapidly Luther's writings were circulating in different countries, giving the truth to many who joyfully received it. Thus the Reformation-seed was sown in Holland, France, Spain, Italy, England and Switzerland.

"Will you tell us about all these countries?" inquired little Paul, eagerly.

"Yes, some time," answered his uncle—"all these, and Denmark, Sweden and Norway too. You don't forget about Grandma Morris's bundle?"

Oh no; none of them had forgotten the bundle. They were growing more and more interested.

"And were Luther's writings really the beginning of the Reformation in all these countries?" asked Josie.

"They didn't all get reformed, did they, father?" asked Stephen.

"No; they did not. In Switzerland the gospel had been preached, but that was the only country where the truth was proclaimed in advance of Luther's writings. I want now to tell you about the famous Dr. Eck, who had entered into dispute with Luther. He had won prizes in eight universities of Hungary, Lombardy and Germany. He tried his skill in argument, for he delighted in argument, and he expected in this way speedily to extinguish 'the obscure monk,' as he called Luther. Once Luther's friend, he now became his great enemy. He called Luther forth to a great battle of words, and so the truce of peace was broken by Rome herself, speaking through her great champion, the famous Dr. Eck. Rome invited the conflict."

"And the Lord nerved Luther's arm to strike very hard," remarked Mrs. Arnold. "Luther very unwillingly entered into this controversy. 'God knows,' he wrote, 'that it was my fixed purpose to keep silence, but now Dr. Eck attacks me; and not me only,

but the whole University of Wittemberg. I cannot allow the truth to be thus loaded with opprobrium.' Though unwilling, Luther was courageous, and, once in the arena, fought boldly. His friends were alarmed, especially when the first subject under debate was the pope's primacy. How can the poor monk of Wittemberg dare to stand up against the giant who for ages has crushed all his enemies? The courtiers of the elector were alarmed. Spalatin, Frederick's confidant and the intimate friend of Luther, was filled with apprehensions. Frederick himself was not at ease; even the sword of the knight of the Holy Sepulchre, with which he had been invested at Jerusalem, would not avail him in this struggle. Luther alone was unmoved. 'The Lord,' thought he, 'will deliver him into my hand.' His own faith furnished him with encouragement for his friends."

Mr. Arnold ceased speaking, and Stephen said,

"Who got the best of the dispute?"

"Why, Luther, of course," exclaimed Maggie, with great earnestness.

All laughed at Maggie, except her father ; and Charlie said,

“Much you know about it.”

“Luther did get the best of it, of course,” said Mr. Arnold, “for he had God and the truth on his side. Dr. Eck confessed to his friends that he had been defeated on many points, but he gave good reasons for it. ‘The Wittemberg divines,’ he said, ‘have had the best of it—first, because they brought with them their books ; secondly, because their friends took notes of the discussion, which notes they could examine at home at leisure ; and thirdly, because they were several in number.’ ”

“Then Luther was not alone?” said Josie.

“No ; neither was Eck alone,” said Mr. Arnold.—“The discussion lasted about twenty days, and was listened to by many distinguished persons. Some who listened went home convinced of the truth ; among them was Poliander, Eck’s secretary, who afterward preached the gospel at Leipsic. I do not know whether I told you that this dispute was held at Leipsic. While Dr. Eck confessed to his friends that in some points he

had been defeated, he made loud boasts in public of victory. He circulated slanders against Luther; he tried to inflame the elector Frederick against him. The monks and all the partisans of Rome re-echoed these clamors. From all parts of Germany reproaches were showered upon Luther; but he remained unmoved. 'The more reproach is heaped upon me,' he said, 'the more I glory in it. Truth—that is to say, Christ—must increase, while I must decrease. It is not men that are opposing me, and I have no enmity against them; it is Satan, the prince of evil, who is laboring to intimidate me. But He who is in us is greater than he who is in the world.' ”



## CHAPTER XII.

### *THE PAPAL BULL.*

“ I AM going to tell you to-night about the contest for Maximilian’s crown. Three kings contended for it. The first claimant was Charles, his grandson, who was only nineteen years of age. Already he had received Flanders and the rich territories of Burgundy from his grandmother, Mary, daughter of Charles the Bold; and from his mother, Joanna, daughter of Ferdinand of Aragon and Isabella of Castile, and wife of Philip, son of Maximilian, he had received the united crowns of Spain, Naples and Sicily. The death of Maximilian, his grandfather, now placed him in possession of the hereditary dominions of Austria. Yet, not satisfied with the sceptres which he held, the young Charles put out his hand for more. Francis I. of France also sought the imperial crown. His friends, who urged him forward, pleaded that Germany did not

at that time need a young man of nineteen, but a prince who united experienced judgment with great talent. And they supported his claims with a great outlay of money, giving costly entertainments, in hopes of winning the guests over to their party. The last claimant was Henry VIII., king of England, but he shortly withdrew. The pope advised the electors to choose one among themselves, and they followed his advice and laid the crown at the feet of Frederick of Saxony, Luther's friend."

"That was good for Luther," said Charlie.

"But Frederick refused to take the offered crown, and it fell into the hands of Charles," said Mr. Arnold.

"Was he the great Charles V.?" asked Josie.

"The very same, Josie.—Luther had foreseen that the cause of the Reformation would before long have to be pleaded before the emperor. He wrote a letter to him before he was crowned, begging him to receive under the shadow of his wings the cause of eternal truth. But the young king gave no reply. And now the storm increased

around Luther. Some of the universities condemned his writings, and some priests, who were angry with him, openly declared that whosoever should kill Luther would be without sin. 'The time is come,' said Luther, 'when men will think they do service to Jesus Christ in putting us to death.' While Luther was one day before the monastery of the Augustines a stranger having a pistol concealed in his sleeve approached and said to him, 'Why do you thus go alone?'—'I am in the hands of God,' answered Luther. 'He is my strength and shield; what can man do unto me?' At this reply the stranger turned pale and fled."

"That makes me think of something I read," said Stephen. "Let me tell you: An evangelist in the North of France met a man who was a descendant of an enemy of Luther. He told the missionary that his ancestor in Saxony formed the design of killing Luther, and laid wait for him on the road where he knew Luther was to pass. While waiting, a traveler spoke to him and discussed with him the evangelical doctrines. The man was greatly surprised and touched

with what he heard, as well as to learn that the one who spoke to him was Luther himself. 'Do you see this weapon?' he said to the Reformer. 'It was intended to kill you;' and he became a Protestant."

After a little conversation caused by what Stephen had read Mr. Arnold continued:

"Already Staupitz, Luther's former friend and helper, had grown cold toward him, not being able to agree with him in all his views. 'You abandon me,' cried Luther, in great grief. 'I dreamed of you last night; I thought you were taking leave of me, and I was weeping and sobbing bitterly, but I thought you put out your hand to me and bade me be tranquil, for you would return to me again.'"

"That sounds more like the gentle Philip Melanchthon," remarked Mrs. Arnold.

"But that which was designed to be the crushing blow was a bull from the pope."

"In what year are we now?" asked Mrs. Arnold.

"In 1520. Dr. Eck had gone back to Rome breathing vengeance. After a good deal of hard work he succeeded in getting

Leo to condemn and cut off the heretic Luther, and he returned with the papal bull in his hands."

Here Stephen gave a comical look at Paul and said, "The bull in his hands!" but Paul answered soberly :

"Yes ; uncle told us what that meant."

Paul's interest never seemed to flag, though he could not understand all that was read.

"That papal bull separated the Church of Rome from the pure Church of Christ ; henceforth the pure Church would have Christ, and him alone, for her Head. I must tell you about another brave Reformer—Ulric Zwingli. At this time he was a humble priest in one of the rude towns of Switzerland. He had never met Luther, but he was deeply affected at the thought of the danger that hung over him. And while the intimate friends of Dr. Luther were silent and trembling this stranger formed the resolution to do his utmost to arrest the dreaded bull. The secretary to the pope's legate in Switzerland was his friend. Zwingli labored to persuade him to use all his power to deter the pope from



excommunicating Luther. He pointed out the consequences of such a severe blow, believing that it would cause the people of Germany to rally around their beloved teacher, and that they would treat with contempt the pope and his anathemas. But even at that time the blow was already struck."

"What did the bull say?" asked little Paul.

Mr. Arnold read:

"Arise, O Lord! and remember the reproaches wherewith fools reproach thee all day long. Arise, O Peter! remember thy holy Roman Church, mother of all the churches and mistress of the faith. Arise, O Paul! for a new Porphyry is here attacking thy doctrines and the holy popes our predecessors."

Here Charlie muttered,

"'Holy popes'!"

"Finally, arise, O assembly of all the saints! holy Church of God! and intercede for us with God almighty! The pope then reviewed Luther's sound doctrine and called it scandalous, pernicious and corrupt. He ordered that as soon as this bull should

be published the bishops should diligently search for Luther's writings, and those in which error was found must be publicly and solemnly burned in the presence of the clergy and the laity. 'As to Martin himself,' the pope continues, 'what is there, in the name of Heaven, that we have not done? Imitating the goodness of God almighty, we are ready, notwithstanding, to receive him again into the bosom of the Church, and we allow him sixty days to forward to us his recantation in writing, attested by two prelates; or, rather—which would be more satisfactory—to present himself before us in Rome, that none may any more doubt his obedience. In the mean while, he must from this moment cease preaching, teaching and writing, and must commit his works to the flames. And if he do not recant within the space of sixty days, we, by these presents, sentence himself and his adherents as open and contumacious heretics.' The pope then pronounced a long train of excommunications, maledictions and interdicts against Luther and all his partisans, with orders to seize their persons and send them to Rome.

D'Aubigné says, 'It is easy to guess what would have become of these generous confessors of the gospel in the dungeons of Rome.' "

"What?" asked Maggie.

"I could tell you some stories, Maggie," said Stephen.

"I don't want to hear them *now*," said Maggie; "I would like to know if the pope's bull did Luther any harm."

"Not so much harm as they hoped, Maggie. It was sent by the hands of Dr. Eck, and that offended many Romanists, who thought it was too great a distinction for a man who did not hold any high rank in the Church. Besides, as Dr. Eck had labored very hard to persuade the pope to grant it, it was called 'the bull of Dr. Eck.' Swelling with pride the doctor came, but he retired much humbled through the ridicule he received. At the same time, Luther had much to fear, because for centuries Rome had not uttered the sentence of condemnation without following it with the stroke of death. And there was cause to believe that the young emperor Charles, who had many

reasons for cultivating friendly relations with the pope, would no doubt hasten to recommend himself by sacrificing to him an obscure monk. Leo X., the cardinals and all the partisans of Rome exulted, fancying they saw their enemy at their feet. While the pope's bull was being prepared at Rome, Luther was planning to carry the gospel into the midst of the Italian states. He wanted to send the gospel, by the hands of evangelists, beyond the Alps. But it does not seem that he was able to accomplish this. At home he worked zealously, and the people at Wittemberg heard plain, earnest words in regard to the mass, marriage, monastic vows and all the errors that prevailed. The printing-press took the place of evangelists and carried the truth to distant lands. On the 23d of June, 1520, he published the celebrated *Appeal to His Imperial Majesty and the Christian Nobility of the German Nation concerning the Reformation of Christianity*, and on the 6th of October his famous tract on the *Babylonish Captivity of the Church*, and on the 4th of November his work *Against the Bull of Antichrist*."

“Oh, did he so boldly call the pòpe ‘Antichrist’?” inquired Stephen.

“Yes. It was a tremendous discharge of artillery. At first Luther had said the bull was so like Dr. Eck, so full of falsehood and error, that he doubted if it had really come from the pope. ‘I require,’ he said, ‘to see with my own eyes the seal and the strings, the very words and signatures, of the bull—in a word, everything that belongs to it; otherwise, I will not care one straw for these outcries.’”

“But really Luther had no doubt about the bull,” remarked Mrs. Arnold. “He knew it came from the pope.”

“All Germany waited to see what he would do,” said Mr. Arnold, taking up the book as he spoke. Then, turning the pages, he gave them extracts from these publications of Luther’s, showing how boldly he had spoken: “‘It is against the power of hell that we have to contend in this struggle. We must set about the work, hoping nothing from the strength of our own arms and depending humbly on the Lord. The Romanists have raised three barriers against all reformation.



When the temporal power has attacked them, they have denied its authority and asserted that the spiritual power was superior to it. When any one rebuked them out of the Scripture, they have answered that no one but the pope was able to interpret Scripture.' ”

“ Do they say that ? ” exclaimed Josie.

“ Certainly they do ; the pope can give to God's word just what meaning suits him,” answered Mr. Arnold.—“ ‘ When they have been threatened with a council, the reply has been, ‘ No one but the sovereign pontiff has authority to convoke a council.’ They have thus wrested from our hands the three rods destined to correct them, and have given the rein to all evil. But now God help us and give us one of those trumpets which overthrew the walls of Jericho. With the breath of our lips let us throw down the paper walls which the Romanists have built around them, and lift up the scourges which punish the wicked by exposing the wiles and stratagems of the devil.

“ ‘ It is monstrous to see him who is called the vicar of Christ displaying a magnificence

unrivalled by that of any emperor. Is this to resemble the poor and lowly Jesus or the humble St. Peter? "The pope," say they, "is the lord of the world." But Christ, whose vicar he boasts himself to be, said, "My kingdom is not of this world." Ought the power of the vicar to go beyond that of his Lord?

"Do you know what end the cardinals serve? I will tell you. Italy and Germany have many convents, religious foundations and benefices richly endowed. By what machinery may this wealth be drawn to Rome? Cardinals have been created; to them these cloisters and prelacies have been given; and at this moment Italy is almost deserted, the convents are destroyed, the bishoprics devoured, the towns falling to decay, the inhabitants demoralized, religious worship expiring and preaching abolished. And why is all this? Because, forsooth, all the wealth of the churches must go to Rome. The Turk himself would never have so ruined Italy.

"And now that they have sucked the blood of their own nation they come to Germany.

They begin softly, but let us be on our guard, or Germany will soon be like Italy. What! shall we Germans endure these robberies and extortions of the pope? Would that they only robbed us of our goods! but they also lay waste the churches; they fleece the sheep of Christ, abolish the worship and silence the word of God.

“‘If we hang thieves and cut off the heads of brigands, let us not suffer the avarice of Rome to escape, which is the greatest of all robbers and thieves; and that, too, in the name of St. Peter and Jesus Christ. Who can tolerate this? Who can keep silence? Has not all the pope possesses been obtained by robbery? for he has neither purchased it, nor inherited it from St. Peter, nor gained it by his labors. Whence, then, does it all come?’

“Luther spoke quite earnestly against the pope’s temporal power in Italy,” remarked Mr. Arnold, “and against his ecclesiastical authority in Germany. Hear this: ‘O pope—not “most holy,” but most sinning—may God from his throne on high hurl thy throne ere long into the bottomless pit!’

“There was not a corruption in the Church of Rome that he left unexposed,” continued Mr. Arnold. “He called the monks a slothful crew who promise much but do little. He spoke against the many festivals of the Church. ‘Let them be abolished,’ he said, ‘and let none be observed but Sunday; or if it is wished to keep the great Christian festivals, let them be celebrated only in the morning and the rest of the day be regarded as a working-day. For, since people do nothing on feast-days but drink, play, run into vice or waste their time in idleness, there is much more offence to God on these days than on others.’”

“If mother were here,” said Mrs. Arnold, “she would quote this scripture: ‘Behold, I have made thy face strong against their faces; as an adamant, harder than flint, have I made thy forehead: fear them not.’ You remember how Grandma Morris always had a text ready for every occasion.”

“‘I may have attacked many errors with too much vehemence,’ says Luther, ‘but what can I do? Let the world be offended rather than God. They can but take my

life. Again and again I have offered peace to my adversaries, but God has by their own instruments compelled me continually to uplift a louder and a louder voice against them.' ”

The Arnold children made many comments as their father read these extracts from Luther's writings, and asked many questions about convents, monks, nuns and the Romish festivals.

Mrs. Arnold proposed that the next Sabbath evening be given up to Stephen to read or relate anything he could find on these topics. Stephen looked very much pleased at this proposal, and Mr. Arnold, after expressing his wish that this might be done, continued reading:

“It looked now as if reconciliation between the pope and Luther were impossible; yet Miltitz was eagerly bent upon it for the sake of humbling his troublesome rival Dr. Eck. The vainglorious boasting of Dr. Eck had thrown Miltitz rather in the shade. The religious bearing of the question gave him little or no concern. Through his representations and entreaties the Augustines



sent Staupitz, the late vicar-general, and Link, his successor, to confer with Luther and to request him to write a letter to the pope. Miltitz requested this deputation to assure the Reformer that the pope had never laid any plots against his person. Neither Luther nor the deputies entertained any hope that anything would be gained by writing to the pope. But that in itself was a reason for not refusing to comply with the suggestion. The letter could be but a mere matter of form which would make still more apparent the justice of Luther's cause.

"Luther seemed to understand that private revenge prompted Miltitz, yet he said he would write. But shortly after this he heard of the arrival of the papal bull, and then he declared that he would not write to the pope.

"Failing in that, Miltitz requested a conference with Luther at Lichtenberg. The elector ordered Luther to go there, but his friends, and, above all, the affectionate Melancthon, opposed his going. 'What!' thought they; 'at the moment of the appearance of the bull which enjoins all to

seize Luther that he may be taken to Rome shall he accept a conference in a secluded place with the pope's nuncio? Is it not clear that, Dr. Eck not being able to approach the Reformer because he has made his hatred too public, his chamberlain has undertaken to snare Luther in his toils?

“These fears could not restrain the doctor of Wittemberg. The prince had commanded, and he resolved to obey. ‘I am setting out for Lichtenberg: pray for me,’ shows that he was not insensible to his danger. His friends would not desert him. In the same day, toward evening, Luther entered Lichtenberg on horseback, surrounded by thirty horsemen, amongst whom was Melanchthon. About the same time Miltitz arrived, attended only by four persons.

“Again, at the close of this conference, Luther agreed to keep silence if his adversaries would only do the same. Miltitz was overjoyed; he accompanied Luther as far as Wittemberg. The Reformer and the papal nuncio entered the city side by side, while Dr. Eck was drawing near it, holding in menacing hands the formidable bull which

it was hoped would extinguish the Reformation."

"Did Luther write to the pope?" asked Stephen.

"Yes. In writing he expressed great affection for Leo, while, at the same time, he dealt heavy blows. 'I tell you the truth because I wish you well,' he said. 'O Leo, my father, do not listen to the flatterers who tell you that you are not a mere man, but a demigod, and that you may rightfully command whatever you please. You are the servant of servants, and the place where you are seated is of all places the most dangerous and the most miserable. Put no faith in those who exalt you, but rather in those who would humble you. I may be bold in presuming to teach so sublime a majesty, which ought to instruct all men, but I see the dangers which surround you at Rome; I see you driven first one way, then another, on the billows of a raging sea; and charity obliges me to warn you of your danger and urge you to provide for your safety.'

"At the same time Luther sent His Holi-

ness a little book entitled *The Liberty of the Christian*, in which he showed the power of faith in rendering the Christian free, and the other side of the truth—that, although free, he voluntarily becomes a servant that he may act toward his brethren as God has acted toward himself by Jesus Christ.

“The haughty Dr. Eck found that Luther had many friends among the students. In Leipsic they posted placards in ten different places ridiculing and threatening Dr. Eck. Taking the alarm, he sought refuge in the convent of St. Paul, where Tetzels once hid. Then the students composed a ballad upon him and sung it in the streets. Eck overheard it. All his courage vanished, and the formidable champion trembled in every limb. Threatening letters poured in upon him. A hundred and fifty students arrived from Wittenberg loudly exclaiming against the papal envoy. Eck retired under the darkness of night, and hid himself at Coburg. Recovering somewhat, he went to Erfurt and ordered the bull to be published in that city, but the students seized the copies, tore them in pieces and threw them

into the river, saying, 'Since it is a bubble'—*bullā* means 'a bubble'—'let us see it float.'

"But the blow was struck: Luther was excommunicated, and the gospel seemed lost.

"'What is to happen I do not know,' said Luther, 'nor do I care to know, assured as I am that He who sits on the throne of heaven has from all eternity foreseen the beginning, the progress and the end of this affair. Let the blow fall where it may; I am without fear. Not so much as a leaf falls without the will of our Father; how much rather will he care for us! It is a light thing to die for the word, since the Word which was made flesh hath himself died. If we die with him, we shall live with him; and, passing through that which he has passed through before us, we shall be where he is and dwell with him for ever.'

"Once, growing contemptuous, Luther said, 'I know nothing of Eck's movements except that he has arrived with a long beard, a long bull and a long purse; but I laugh at his bull.' Again he said, 'I despise it, and resist it as impious, false and in every way worthy of Eck. I will treat it



as a forgery, although I believe it to be genuine. Already I feel in my heart more liberty; for now I know that the pope is Antichrist, and that his chair is that of Satan himself.'

"Luther now appealed from the pope to a council. That in itself was a crime: 'I, Martin Luther, an Augustine and doctor of the Holy Scriptures at Wittemberg, on my own behalf, and on behalf of such as stand, or shall stand, on my side, do by this instrument appeal from His Holiness Pope Leo to a general Christian council hereafter to be held.' This appeal contained a strong protest, and it was circulated far and wide. On the 10th of December a placard was affixed to the walls of the Wittemberg university inviting professors and students to repair at the hour of nine in the morning to the east gate, beside the holy cross. A great number of doctors and youths assembled, and Luther, putting himself at their head, led the procession to the appointed spot.

"Now, you know it had long been the fashion of Rome publicly to burn books the Church considered evil. Luther tried the



Luther burns the Pope's bull.



same plan, and, causing a fire to be kindled, he cast into it Romish works, and lastly the pope's bull. He then with much composure bent his steps toward the city, and a crowd of doctors, professors and students, with loud expressions of applause, returned to Wittemberg in his train. 'If they dare to burn my books—of which it is no vain boast to say that they contain more of the gospel than all the pope's books put together—I may with far better reason burn theirs, which are wholly worthless.' ”

“ Yet I am surprised at his doing it,” said Mrs. Arnold.

“ D'Aubigné says,” answered Mr. Arnold, “ that if Luther had commenced the Reformation by an act like this, the consequences might have been deplorable. Fanaticism might have been awakened by it, and the Church forced into a career of disorder and violence. But in the present state of affairs he thought the effect was not ill. Luther thus accepted his excommunication; he proclaimed that between him and the pope there was war even unto death.

“ The next morning after the burning, the

hall of the academy was more than usually crowded. Deep solemnity prevailed, and earnest attention was given as Dr. Martin proceeded with his lecture. At its close he spoke about the pope, and said to his students, 'Whosoever takes pleasure in the popish doctrine and worship will be lost to all eternity in the world to come.' The discourse he uttered at this time, and the act of burning the papal writings, mark an important epoch in the Reformation. In his heart Luther had been alienated from the pope by the controversy at Leipsic, but at the moment when he burned the bull he declared in the plainest manner his separation from the Romish Church. The nation rallied round him; on every side the battle was begun.

"And now the question was to be decided whether or not the elector Frederick would oppose the papal bull. After the coronation of Charles V. the elector, with other princes, ministers and ambassadors, accompanied the newly-crowned emperor to Cologne. Among the crowd of strangers at Cologne were the pope's two nuncios, Marino Carraccioli and Hieronymus Aleander."



"Dear me! what long names they had! I think it's getting dry. Won't you stop reading, father, and tell it to us instead?"

Mr. Arnold smiled and stopped reading. As he always read in advance of his listeners, he was able to gratify Maggie. And, indeed, I believe they all liked it better when father "talked it off," as Charlie expressed it.

"These two nuncios we will call by their last names—'Carraccioli' and 'Aleander.' Carraccioli did well enough for state affairs, but Aleander was especially chosen to bring the Reformation to an end. He was active and skillful, zealous and a great student; he was devoted to the pope. He seemed born to be a nuncio."

"Rome was ready now to crush the Reformation," said Mrs. Arnold.

"Yes; that is what she expected to do," answered Mr. Arnold. "The pope, through this nuncio, expected to influence Charles V., and how could those 'grammarians,' as he called the Reformers, stand against such mighty power? The first and best thing to do is to burn Luther's writings publicly

in Cologne, under the new emperor's eyes, and also in every part of the empire. Charles readily gave his consent, so far as his dominions were concerned. Solemn voices warned them that the flames would only speed on the cause they sought to destroy, for 'the doctrine,' they said, 'is deeply graven in the hearts of the German nation.' But the nuncio clung to his fagots and said, 'These flames that we shall kindle are a sentence of condemnation, written in giant characters, conspicuous far and wide—to the learned and the unlearned, legible even to such as can read no other.' But, after all, Luther's life, and not his writings, was the great aim of Aleander. When he proposed his death to Charles, the emperor said he would consult Frederick before he gave his answer to the pope. Then both nuncios turned their attention to Frederick, and tried by fair speeches and compliments to gain him over. 'In Your Highness,' said Carraccioli, 'are reposed all our hopes for the salvation of the Church and the holy Roman empire.' Just as this speech flowed smoothly from the lips of the crafty Carraccioli the

other nuncio stepped forward and said impetuously, 'It is to myself and to Eck that the affair of Friar Martin has been entrusted. Consider the infinite peril into which this man is plunging the Christian commonwealth. Unless a remedy be speedily applied, the fate of the empire is sealed. Why has the empire of the Greeks been destroyed but because they fell away from the pope? You cannot join yourself to Luther without being dissevered from Christ.'—You look shocked, Josie," said her father as he took up the book. "Hear this: 'In the name of His Holiness, I require of you two things—first, that you cause Luther's writings to be burned; secondly, that you inflict upon the heretic himself the punishment he deserves, or else that you deliver him up a prisoner to the pope. The emperor and all the princes of the empire have signified their willingness to accede to our demands; you alone demur.' "

"What did Frederick say?" asked Charlie.

"What did Frederick *do*? I would rather know," said Stephen.

Mr. Arnold laid down the book, and after

a moment's pause told them that Frederick helped and protected Luther.

"There were many reasons to incline him to a different course. Against Luther were arrayed the emperor, the princes of the empire and the pope; why should Frederick, the oldest and the wisest prince of Germany, kindle discord in the empire? And why should he forfeit all the praises he had earned by his early devotion and his long pilgrimage to the sepulchre of Christ? On the other hand, Frederick's nephew, John Frederick, son of Duke John, pleaded Luther's cause. He was only seventeen, but already he loved the truth and was warmly attached to Luther. With dignified earnestness he besought his uncle to protect Luther. Meanwhile, Luther, in his cloister at Wittemberg, thought only of the peril of those who continued in their sins."

"I wonder at his courage," said Josie, with tearful eyes. "How could he stand against such powerful enemies?"

And her mother quietly answered:

"God was with him."

"Frederick too grew courageous, came out

boldly on Luther's side, and demanded that Luther might be permitted to answer for himself before a tribunal composed of learned, pious and impartial judges. This was a great disappointment to the nuncios, while Luther's friends were transported with joy."

"And what did Charles V. do?" asked Stephen.

"Just at this time he flattered both pope and elector. The enthusiasm of Luther's friends grew stronger day by day. Students flocked to Wittemberg regardless of the plague that had appeared there. Five or six hundred statedly assembled to listen to the lectures of Luther and Melanchthon. The convent chapel and the city church were both too small for the eager crowds. The prior of the Augustines was in constant alarm lest the buildings should give way under the weight of the throngs that filled them. Nor was this excitement confined to Wittemberg; it spread through all Germany."

"I read," said Mrs. Arnold, "of a set of prints published by a celebrated painter called Lucas Cranach. They were called



‘Christ’s Passion and Antichrist.’ On one side was represented the glory and the magnificence of the pope; on the other, the humiliation and the sufferings of the Redeemer. Luther composed the inscriptions for these pictures. The effect produced by them was very great.”

“Preaching, lecturing and writing, Luther kept busy at his post. Three printing-presses were constantly employed in multiplying the copies of his writings. Brave souls pressed forward; timid ones fell back. And still the storm raged fiercely. ‘Day after day,’ wrote Luther to Frederick, ‘the waves are rolling higher, and on every side the ocean hems me in. Fiercely indeed is the tempest raging, yet I still grasp the sword with one hand, while with the other I build up the walls of Sion.’ ”

“Did Luther stay all this time in the convent?” asked Josie.

“Yes, but he was released from the authority of the order of Augustines, you remember. And the pope’s bull had released him from the authority of Leo X. ‘I embrace my deliverance with joy,’ he said.”

## CHAPTER XIII.

### NUNS AND CONVENTS.

SABBATH evening Josie came to tea with the *New York Observer* in her hand, and eagerly began to tell about a young lady in Montreal who had gone into a convent. Her letter to her father was very sad, and Josie could hardly read it without tears :

“It seems this young lady was persuaded to enter the convent when she was only seventeen years old. She entered in haste, to repent at leisure ; and for four years she and her father have been making the most earnest efforts to secure her release. Her health has broken down, and it is said that she is almost insane from the taunts of her sister-nuns. As she and her father are Romanists, they do not dare take legal steps to regain her freedom. She writes in the calmness of deep despair—says no reply will come from Rome for several months, but she is sure their petition will be denied. She

expresses her regret at having been unable to endure her misery without disturbing her father, and she begs him to arm himself with courage and patience. 'After all,' she adds, 'life is short; and the more merit we amass, the better it will be for us. Early accustomed to suffering and having hardly tasted anything else, I will not shrink from further *ennui* and self-renunciation. Then who knows what the future has in store for me?' "

"She shows that she is a Romanist when she speaks of amassing merit," remarked Mrs. Arnold when Josie ceased reading.

"If the father is a Romanist in high official position," said Mr. Arnold, who had taken the paper and was glancing over it, "how must the children of Protestant parents be treated in such places?"

Mr. Arnold then asked Stephen if he had found anything about convents. Stephen opened the book he was holding and said,

"Here is the report of a missionary in Chili, South America. What I want to read is an account given him, he says, by a most worthy English family."

“So we may be sure it is true,” remarked Maggie.

“In the convent of the Capuchins, in Santiago, the number of inmates is limited to thirty-two young ladies; the admittance-fee is two thousand dollars. When the nun enters, she is dressed like a bride, in the most costly material that wealth can command. Before the altar of consecration she solemnly vows to live the nun’s life, in the deluded hope that her works will merit a brighter mansion in the realms above.

“The form of consecration over, she casts off her rich veil and her costly ornaments, including splendid diamonds, which in many instances have cost from ten to twenty thousand dollars. Her beautiful hair is cut off, to signify her deadness for ever to the world, and she is clothed in coarse gray cloth called *serge*, in which she is to pass the miserable remnant of her days. The dark, sombre walls of her prison she can never pass; its iron-bound doors are for ever shut against her. Rarely, if ever, is she permitted to speak; *never, never* again can she see her friends or the loved ones of home. If ever

allowed to speak at all, it is through iron bars, where she cannot be seen, and in the presence of the abbess, to see that no complaint escapes from her lips.

“‘Nor is this all. Besides being condemned to a meagre, an insufficient and an unwholesome diet, which they themselves must cook, they are obliged to pass their time in lonely cells, where they sleep in a narrow place dug out in the ground, in the shape of a coffin, without bed of any kind except a piece of coarse serge spread down, and their daily dress is their only covering. Even in this wretched hole they are not permitted uninterrupted sleep, for every hour in the twenty-four they are aroused by the bell to perform their “Ave, Marias!” count their rosaries, and such other blind devotions as may be imposed. Thus they drag out a miserable existence.’”

“What are rosaries?” asked Maggie.

“A series of prayers and a string of beads on which to count them,” replied her father.

“Don’t the Romanists get all the money and diamonds of those young ladies?” asked Josie.



"If they do not, who does?" questioned Stephen.

"Yes, this has all been invented to bring money into the Church," said Mr. Arnold.

"Another way of getting money," said Stephen, "is for the priests to visit the rich when they are sick and dying, tell them how wickedly they have lived, and urge them to make provision for as many masses to be said after they are dead as they should have had during their whole lifetime."

"I am glad," said Maggie, "that ours is not a Roman Catholic country."

"The infamous pope Alexander VI. granted by deed to Their Catholic Majesties of Spain all lands discovered west of the Atlantic, including, of course, the whole of North America and South America," read Stephen.

"Yes, and the pope gave the Virgin Mary to be the patroness of our country," said Mr. Arnold. "In 1852 the popish national council met in Baltimore and sent official circulars to all Romanists in our land, telling them that their special mission must be speedily to convert our nation. Popery has

long directed its eager eye to our immense country : determined to possess it if it possibly can."

At the close of the evening, at family worship, Mr. Arnold earnestly prayed that God would preserve our land from priestly power, and that the Bible might be studied and honored by all. He looked upon Bible study as the great safeguard from error, and told his children that they must do all in their power, all their lives long, to spread the blessed truths of God's holy word.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### *THE DIET OF WORMS.*

“THE great event of 1521 was the diet of Worms,” said Mr. Arnold, the next Sabbath evening, taking up the volume as he spoke. “The diet was to have convened at Nuremberg, but the plague was there; so at Worms, on the 6th of January, 1521, the solemn assembly began its proceedings.”

“We all know that date,” remarked Josie, looking up to a picture on the wall.

“Everything indicated that the diet would be a difficult and boisterous one. How was Charles to act, between the nuncio and Frederick? You must remember he was indebted to Frederick for his crown.”

“I had forgotten that,” said Stephen.

“Both men were using their influence with him. The Spaniards and the Flemings were striving hard to exclude each other from the confidence of their sovereign, Charles. The elector saw how easily Charles might be led

into an alliance with the pope in order to forward his own ambitious plans. If he did, Luther would be lost.

“Luther was far from well, but this he heeded not. ‘If I cannot perform the journey to Worms as a man in good health, I will be carried thither in a litter; for, since the emperor has summoned me, I can regard it only as the call of God. . . . If it be not his will to save me, my life is little worth. . . . Let us only pray that our young emperor may not begin his reign by imbruing his hands in my blood; I would rather perish by the sword of Rome. You remember the judgments with which the emperor Sigismund was visited after the murder of John Huss. Expect anything from me but flight or recantation. Fly I cannot; still less can I recant.’

“This he said in a letter to the elector. The emperor had written to the elector to bring Luther to the diet, assuring him that no injustice should be practiced against him, that he should be protected from all violence, and that a free discussion should be allowed. The elector, feeling sure that the

conference could do no good, wrote in reply that he begged to be relieved from so difficult an undertaking, adding that it had never been his desire to favor his doctrines, but only to prevent his being condemned unheard. 'The legates,' Frederick said, 'without waiting for your sanction, took measures which were injurious both to Luther's honor and to mine, and I have reason to fear that he has been provoked to an act of imprudent retaliation which, in the event of his appearance at Worms, might place him in extreme jeopardy.'—The elector meant the burning of the pope's bull," explained Mr. Arnold.—"Aleander, the nuncio, started for Worms, but on the way he became alarmed for his own safety; for he everywhere met such strong feeling in Luther's favor. Whenever he halted for refreshment or repose, no one would venture to receive him, and the haughty nuncio had to go to the meanest inns. Arrived at Worms, he did his best to prevent Luther's coming, and succeeded; for Charles yielded to Aleander's earnestness and forbade Luther's appearance at the conference.



"The emperor wrote to the elector that, as the time allowed to Luther had expired, he was now in the condition of a man actually excommunicated by the pope, and consequently, if he would not retract what he had written, Frederick must leave him at Wittemberg. But Frederick had already begun his journey without him. Luther was much grieved because he was forbidden to go to Worms."

"Why, I thought he did go?" exclaimed Maggie.

"I will tell you about his journey, and leave out all the contentions they had before he started."

"Yes, do," said Maggie; "I'm getting tired of them."

Then her father told her how on the 2d of April, 1521, Luther bade his friends "Good-bye," and in a plain carriage, furnished by the town council, quitted Wittemberg.

"The imperial herald, in full costume and wearing the imperial eagle, went before on horseback, and was followed by his servant. Some friends rode with Luther. The citi-

zens of Wittemberg, sorrowful and in tears, invoked God's blessing upon his journey.

"Gloomy presentiments filled the hearts of those he met. A priest at Naumburg held up before him a portrait of Savonarola, the martyr; this was to show Luther what his end would be. The priest said nothing, but Luther understood what he meant. When Luther met it with quiet courage and spoke fearlessly, the priest said, 'Stand fast in the truth thou hast professed, and thy God will never forsake thee.'

"At Weimar, Luther heard the emperor's messenger proclaiming his sentence, and saw them everywhere placarding the imperial edict ordering all men to bring his writings to the magistrates.

"'Well, doctor, will you go any farther?' asked the herald, in alarm.

"'Yes,' replied Luther; 'though I should be put under interdict in every town, I will go on. I rely on the emperor's safe-conduct.'"

"Then he did give him a safe-conduct?" said Stephen.

"Yes; I passed over that part because

Maggie was tired.—Next they came to Erfurth, the town of his youth. As he drew near, a troop of horsemen came rapidly to meet him. Were they friends or were they foes? The question was speedily answered: they were senators, students and citizens, headed by the rector of the university. They cheered Luther as he drew nigh. All were eager to see the monk who had dared give battle to the pope.

“The leader of the procession, Justus Jonas, the rector, begged Luther to allow him to go with him; Luther consented. This was the first meeting of the two doctors who were destined to pass their whole lives in laboring for the revival of the Church.

“Justus Jonas studied law at Erfurth and was elected rector of the university. He was a young man when he met Luther. He had received the light of the gospel, and wished to give himself up to sacred learning. While yet a law-student, he, with a few friends, had made a journey on foot through forests infested by thieves, and across a country ravaged by the plague, in order to visit Erasmus, who was then at

Brussels. And shall he not brave dangers of another kind if he accompany the Reformer to Worms? He was made provost of the church of Wittemberg and doctor of divinity after his return from Worms. As a preacher he had great power."

Mr. Arnold told them how the pope issued a new bull against Luther, and the excommunication with which he had been threatened was now decidedly pronounced against him and his followers:

"They were all cursed, and were declared to have forfeited for themselves and their descendants all their honors and worldly goods. Every faithful Christian was enjoined, as he valued his own soul, to shun all intercourse with that accursed crew.

"In every place where the heresy had gained a footing it was the duty of the priests on Sundays and holidays, at the hour of high mass, solemnly to publish the sentence of excommunication. The sacred vessels and ornaments were to be removed from the altar; the cross was to be laid on the ground; twelve priests, holding torches in their hands, were to light them first, and

immediately to dash them down and extinguish them by trampling them under foot; the bishop was then to proclaim the condemnation of those ungodly men; the bells were to be tolled; bishop and priests in concert were to chant curses and maledictions. In conclusion, a sermon of great severity was to be preached against Luther and his adherents."

"I sometimes ask myself," said Mrs. Arnold, "why Luther entered into this great controversy."

"And his own words make the best answer," said Mr. Arnold.

Taking up the book, he found the place and read:

"I call Christ to witness that this is the cause of the German nation, of the Catholic Church, of the Christian world, of God himself—not the cause of a solitary, humble individual. . . . Not in the spirit of recklessness, nor for the sake of worldly profit, have I taught the doctrine which is laid to my charge: I have taught it in obedience to my conscience and to my oath as a doctor of the Holy Scriptures. For God's glory have I



taught it, for the salvation of the Christian Church, for the good of the German people, for the rooting out of gross superstitions and grievous abuses, the cure of innumerable evils, the wiping away of foul disgrace, the overthrow of tyranny, blasphemy and impiety in countless forms.' ”

Mr. Arnold told them about John Glapio, the emperor's confessor, whose good-will Leo X. won by favors in order to gain over the young emperor :

“ Charles V. would have been glad to satisfy the pope without offending Frederick. But how could he do it ?

“ Feeling grateful to the pope, the confessor went to work to help stifle the Reformation. Among the counselors of Frederick was a man distinguished for intelligence, decision and courage ; his name was Gregory Bruck, or Pontanus. We will call him ‘ the chancellor.’ Glapio went to him, professing great friendliness for Luther and admiration for his writings. The only work he condemned was *The Babylonian Captivity*, and he was willing to believe that Luther would retract in regard to that. He

begged the chancellor to procure him an audience with Frederick, but Frederick was too busy with the affairs of the august diet. The diet, you know, was in session many days before Luther appeared.

“To prevent Luther’s coming was now the great aim of Glapio, Aleander and all the papal party. They began to fear his eloquence. With persistent fury Aleander, the nuncio, urged Luther’s condemnation. He went to the council and spoke with great eloquence for three hours against ‘the audacious monk,’ not forgetting ‘the motley rabble of insolent grammarians, licentious priests, disorderly monks, ignorant advocates, degraded nobles and misled and perverted plebeians who followed him.’ A strong feeling arose against Luther, who was not present to answer his arguments. The desire seemed uppermost to root out the Lutheran heresy from the soil of the empire.

“But this feeling soon changed. Many who were willing enough to give up Luther yet felt that the pope ought to effect reforms in the Church. The most determined of Luther’s enemies, Duke George of Saxony,

spoke with great earnestness against the encroachments of Rome. Luther had not spoken more earnestly. Luther, however, pointed out the cure for all this evil; this the duke failed to do."

Looking earnestly at his children, Mr. Arnold said,

"The sinner receives the true indulgence, that remission of sins which comes from God solely by faith in the grace and merits of Christ. By this truth Luther overthrew the traffic of the priests. 'How shall a man become holy?' he said one day. 'A Cordelier will answer, "Put on a gray hood and tie a cord around your middle;" a Roman will answer, "Hear mass and fast;" but a Christian will say, 'Faith in Christ—and that alone—justifies and saves.'" We must have eternal life before good works. But when we are born again and made the children of God by the word of grace, then we perform good works.'

"The diet nominated a committee to draw up a list of grievances. The list was a long one—one hundred and three grievances."

"What do you mean, father—that they

had all these complaints to make against the Church of Rome?"

"That is just what I do mean, Josie," replied her father.—"This list was presented to the emperor, who immediately withdrew the edict which commanded Luther's writings to be committed to the flames in every part of the empire, and ordered instead that all copies should be delivered into the hands of the magistrates.

"This did not satisfy the assembly; it demanded Luther's appearance, and the nuncio could not prevent his coming. There was a long and earnest debate in the diet. Luther's appearance seemed the only probable method of settling the great agitation. Charles resolved to summon him without giving him a safe-conduct. The friends of Luther remonstrated, until the emperor was forced to yield, fearing tumult or sudden insurrection."

Mr. Arnold then read the safe-conduct and the summons, which was directed "To the worshipful our well-beloved and godly Doctor Martin Luther, of the order of the Augustines."

"That was a strange way to address a man whom they had just excommunicated," remarked Mrs. Arnold.

"Father, you did not tell us who were those friends who rode with Luther as he went to Worms," said Stephen.

"Amsdorff, Schurff and Swaven went with him. Schurff was a law-professor, a mild, timid man, an intimate friend of Luther's. Love made him bold, and he asked the privilege of going with Luther on this dangerous journey. Swaven was a young Danish student who lodged with Melanchthon. Melanchthon himself wanted to go, but friends opposed it, and he yielded.

"A crowd also welcomed him at Erfurth, where he was requested to preach. He had been forbidden to preach, but the herald himself, carried away by the feelings of those about him, consented. So on the Sunday after Easter he preached in the church of the Augustines, which was crowded to excess. He uttered not a word about himself, the diet, the emperor or the nuncios: he preached Christ, and him alone. He also preached at Gotha. As Luther journeyed



his courage seemed to increase, while his enemies were panic-stricken. The monk must be stopped; he must not be allowed to appear at the council: his eloquence was to be feared. How can they stop him?

“Luther reached Oppenheim. In three days his safe-conduct would be void. Friends and foes tried to prevent him, but Luther never faltered: ‘Though there should be as many devils at Worms as there are tiles on its roofs, I would enter it.’ He went forward; a vast crowd met him at the gates. At ten o’clock on the morning of April 16 he entered within those walls whence many predicted that he would never depart. Two thousand people followed him through the streets. People ran to their doors to see him.

“Suddenly a man in grotesque garments pressed through the crowd, bearing before him a lofty cross, as is customary at funerals. He advanced toward Luther, and chanted with a shrill and plaintive tone as priests chant masses for the repose of the dead. And these were the words he chanted:

‘Thou art come whom we desired,  
Whom we waited for in the regions of darkness.’

These words were supposed to be uttered from the abode of departed spirits, and the singer of these verses was a court-fool who wanted to warn Luther. But the shouts of the crowd soon drowned the voice of the court-fool.

“With difficulty the procession made its way through the crowd that thronged to see the monk ‘in an open cart and in a monk’s frock,’ as Luther described his appearance afterward, adding, ‘And every one came out into the streets, desiring to see Friar Martin.’

“The elector was alarmed when he learned that Luther had arrived. And so was Aleander. Albert, the young archbishop, was also alarmed. ‘If I had no more courage than the archbishop,’ remarked Luther, ‘true it is they would never have seen me at Worms.’

“Charles V. called his council. ‘Luther is come; what must be done?’ said Charles.—‘Bring him to the stake,’ counseled the bishop of Palermo. ‘One is under no obligation to give or to observe a safe-conduct in the case of heretics.’—‘Not so,’ replied Charles; ‘what we promise we should ob-

serve and keep.' And so it was agreed that the Reformer should be heard. Many in Worms were filled with joy at this decision, for they had long desired to hear this distinguished servant of God.

"In the evening after his arrival counts, barons, knights, gentlemen, ecclesiastics and citizens flocked about him and kept him from his bed till a late hour. All were struck with his courageous bearing, his joy, his eloquence and his enthusiasm. While some acknowledged the divine presence, his enemies declared that he was possessed by a devil."

"They forgot that a devil cannot give joy and peace," quietly remarked Mrs. Arnold.

"The next morning he was cited to appear in the presence of His Imperial Majesty and of the States of the empire. Luther received the summons with profound respect, and at the appointed hour—four in the afternoon—calmly set out for the town-hall.

"But between the hours of the summons and the departure for the diet Luther passed through a fearful struggle. For a few moments God's face seemed to be veiled, and

Luther's faith forsook him. His soul was tossed by a violent tempest of doubts and fears, and he threw himself with his face to the ground and uttered broken prayers, which were overheard and preserved by one of his friends. His cries for help were not unheeded. Strength, courage and calmness returned; and the crowd thronging the streets and looking down at him from the house-tops saw only a peaceful countenance.

"The throng increased. It was found to be impossible to press through it, and so Luther was led through private gardens and back ways to the place where the diet was assembled. The people even rushed into these houses after Luther, and roofs and pavements were covered with spectators."

"And how did they get him into the town-hall?" asked Charlie.

"Let him down through the roof, didn't they, uncle?"

"No, Paul. The imperial soldiers cried, 'Make room!' but no one stirred, so they cleared a passage, driving the people back with their halberds. At length Luther stood within the hall, and there again he

beheld a crowd. In the ante-chambers and the window-recesses there were more than five thousand spectators, German, Italian, Spanish, and of other nations.

“Luther advanced with difficulty. As he drew near the door which was to admit him to the presence of his judges a valiant knight—George Freundsberg—touched him on the shoulder, and, shaking his gray head, said, kindly, ‘My poor monk! my poor monk! Thou hast a march and a struggle to go through such as neither I nor many other captains have seen the like in our most bloody battles. But if thy cause be just, and thou art sure of it, go forward in God’s name and fear nothing: he will not forsake thee.’

“In a few moments the door of the hall opened, and Luther stood in the presence of Charles V., his brother the archduke Ferdinand, six electors of the empire, most of whose successors are now crowned heads, twenty-four dukes (among them the duke of Alva and his two sons), eight margraves, thirty archbishops, bishops, prelates, seven ambassadors, including those of France and



England, the deputies of ten free cities, a number of princes, counts and barons of rank, and the pope's nuncios—in all, two hundred persons.

“Such was the imposing assemblage before which stood Martin Luther. His very appearance there was a signal victory over the papacy. The man whom the pope condemned stood before a tribunal raised by that very fact above the pope's authority. The pope had decreed that his lips should be closed for ever, and he was about to unclosethem in the presence of thousands assembled from the remotest countries of Christendom.

“Some princes who were near whispered strengthening words. ‘Fear not them who are able to kill the body, and cannot destroy the soul,’ said one. And another whispered, ‘When ye are brought before kings, it shall be given to you, by the Spirit of your Father, what you shall say.’

“The guards made way for Luther. He stepped forward, and found himself in front of the throne of Charles V. All eyes were turned upon him, and there was a profound silence.

“John Eck, the chancellor of the archbishop of Treves, broke the silence, speaking first in Latin, and then in German. In the name of ‘His Sacred and Invincible Majesty’ he called upon Luther to answer two questions: *First*, ‘Do you acknowledge these writings to have been composed by you?’ *Second*, ‘Are you prepared to retract these works and the propositions contained therein, or do you persist in what you have therein advanced?’

“As Eck asked the first question he pointed to about twenty volumes placed on a table in the centre of the hall.

“After the titles were read aloud, Luther acknowledged the books to be his. The second question he considered too important to be answered hastily: ‘I should act rashly if I were to answer without reflection. I might say less than the circumstance demands, or more than truth requires, and so sin against that word of Christ: “Whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I deny before my Father who is in heaven.”’

“The time he asked was granted him. ‘His Imperial Majesty, acting in the good-

ness of his nature,' said the chancellor of Treves, 'consents to allow you one day's delay, but on condition that you will make answer by word of mouth, and not in writing.'

"Immediately the imperial herald came forward and conducted Luther back to the hotel. Threats and shouts accompanied him through the crowd; alarming reports reached his friends. 'The diet is displeased,' it was said. 'The pope's envoys triumph; the Reformer will fall a victim.' Men's passions were aroused. Some gentlemen went in haste to Luther. 'Doctor,' said they, in agitation, 'what is all this? They say they are resolved to bring you to the stake. . . . If they dare attempt it, it shall be at the peril of their lives.'

"Luther's enemies were all confidence. 'He has begged for time,' they said; 'he is going to retract. At a distance his speech was arrogant, but now his courage forsakes him. . . . He is conquered.'

"Luther was perhaps the only person at Worms perfectly undisturbed. The commotion among the people and the soldiers of

the states was increasing every hour; they came to blows in the streets. The Spanish troops, proud and stern, gave great offence by their insolence to the burghers of the city. One of the soldiers, finding in a book-store the pope's bull with Ulrich von Hutten's commentary, seized it, tore it in pieces and trampled it under foot. Others tore up Luther's tract on the captivity of Babylon. The common people, roused to resistance, fell upon the soldiers and compelled them to retire. Another time a mounted Spaniard pursued, sword in hand, through the public streets of Worms, a German, who fled from him, and the people in their fright made no attempt to stop the pursuer.

“The next day, after composing his mind by waiting upon God, Luther again followed the herald to the hall of the diet. The general curiosity was great, for the answer was to be decisive. But the diet was engaged in deliberation, and Luther was obliged to wait in the court surrounded by a dense crowd eagerly moving to and fro and resembling a sea of heads. For two hours the Reformer was hemmed in by the multitude

pressing to see him. 'I was not used,' he said, 'to such ways and noises.' And to an ordinary man this would have been a grievous hindrance to preparedness of mind. But Luther was walking with his God. His look was serene; his features were unruffled. The Eternal was placing him on a rock. Evening began to close in, and the torches were lighted in the hall. Their light gleamed through the ancient painted glass to the court beyond, and the whole scene wore an aspect of more than common solemnity.

"At length the doctor was admitted. In answer to the question, 'Are you prepared to defend all that your writings contain, or do you wish to retract any part of them?' Luther made a speech, first in German, then in Latin. His tone was low and humble, without any violence or vehemence, and his manner full of respect and diffidence, yet with much joy and Christian firmness. He asked pardon if by reason of his ignorance he was wanting in the manners befitting a court, for he had not been brought up in kings' palaces, but in the seclusion of a cloister."



“Of course he did not retract?” said Charlie.

“No; he implored them to prove by the writings of the prophets and the apostles that he was in error. ‘As soon as I am convinced of this,’ he said, ‘I will instantly retract all my errors, and will myself be the first to seize my writings and commit them to the flames.’ He said he had well considered the dangers to which he was exposing himself, but, far from being dismayed by them, he rejoiced exceedingly to see the gospel a cause of disturbance and disagreement. ‘It is the character and destiny of God’s word. “I came not to send peace, but a sword,” said Jesus Christ.’

“When he stopped speaking, the chancellor of Treves angrily told him he had not answered the question put to him. ‘You are not to question the decisions of the council; you are required to return a clear and distinct answer. Will you, or will you not, retract?’

“Luther then unhesitatingly answered: ‘Since Your Most Serene Majesty and Your High Mightinesses require of me a simple,



Luther before the Emperor Charles V. at Worms.



clear and direct answer, I will give one, and it is this: I cannot submit my faith either to the pope or to the councils, because it is as clear as noonday that they have often fallen into error, and even into glaring inconsistency with themselves. If, then, I am not convinced by proof from Holy Scripture or by cogent reasons, if I am not satisfied by the very text that I have cited, and if my judgment is not in this way brought into subjection to God's word, I neither can nor will retract anything; for it cannot be right for a Christian to speak against his conscience.' Then, turning a look on that assembly before whom he stood, and which held his life or death in its hands, he said, 'Here stand I, and can say no more. God help me. Amen.'

"The assembly was motionless with astonishment; several of the princes present could scarcely conceal their admiration. The emperor exclaimed, 'The monk speaks with an intrepid heart and unshaken courage.'

"It was a critical moment, for on the 'Yea' or 'Nay' of this monk seemed to depend the repose of the Church and of the



world for ages to come. In the desire to overawe him, he had been raised on a platform in sight of a whole nation ; the attempt to make public his defeat had only made greater his victory over his enemies.

“It would take too long to tell you all the attempts they made to persuade Luther to retract, but all in vain ; he was firm as a rock. He had said ‘*No !*’ to the Church and to the empire. As the august assembly dispersed, the chancellor said aloud, ‘The diet will meet again to-morrow morning to hear the emperor’s decision.’

“It was night. Two officers were appointed to accompany Luther. Some persons thought they were taking him to prison, which he would leave only to mount the scaffold. Then a tumult arose. Several gentlemen demanded aloud : ‘Are they leading him to prison ?’—‘No,’ said Luther ; ‘they are conducting me to my hotel.’ Then the commotion subsided.”

“Luther’s firmness made a great impression on Frederick, I have read,” said Mrs. Arnold.

“Yes,” answered Mr. Arnold ; “he re-



solved from that time openly to protect Luther."

"What did they do the next day when they met?" inquired Josie.

"A message from the emperor was read to the diet, in which the mighty Charles declared that he would sacrifice his kingdom, power, friends, treasure, body and blood, thoughts and life to stay the progress of this mad monk, threatening him again, and threatening all his friends. Some of the great dignitaries of the Church demanded that Luther's safe-conduct should not be respected. 'His ashes ought to be thrown into the Rhine,' said they. The emperor afterward said he had made a great mistake in not putting Luther to death at that time.

"The sympathy of men of the ranks at Worms broke forth without fear or disguise. Knights, princes, counts, barons—a mighty train—surrounded the Reformer's lodging on that eventful Friday when the council broke up, many conversing with him about the truth which he had so nobly defended."

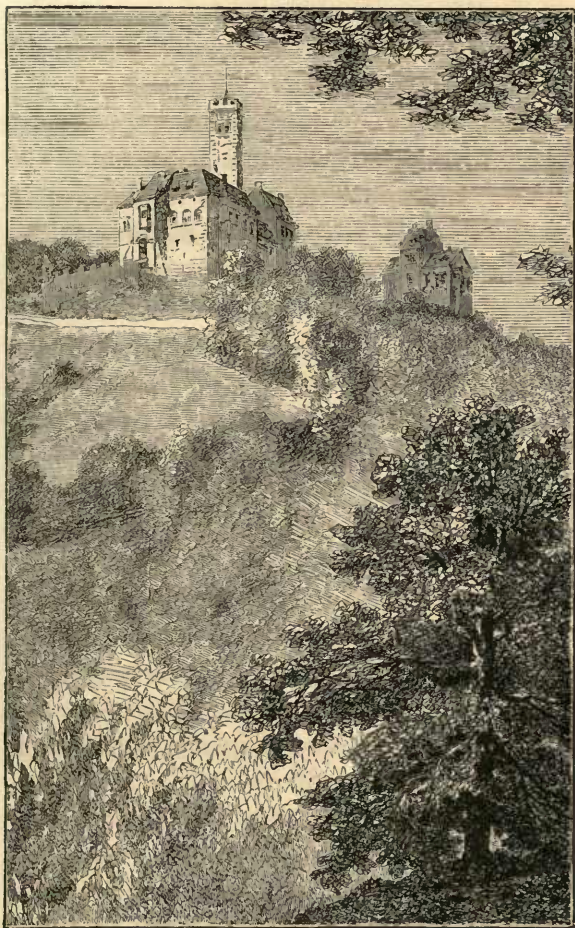
The Arnold children, you notice, seldom interrupted their father now with questions,

but they listened with great interest. Mr. Arnold told them how the archbishop of Treves had an interview with Luther—not to dispute with him, but to mediate. Others joined him in exhortation. Nothing was gained: Luther would yield nothing. “I would rather be deprived of my limbs,” he said, “than give up the plain and sincere word of God.”

“At length Luther was ordered to leave Worms, and told that he must not disturb the public peace on his journey by preaching or writing. Luther must have felt that he was in great danger, but he merely said, ‘It has happened unto me according to the will of the Eternal.’ Then he thanked those who had so graciously listened to him. He said all he wished was a reformation of the Church according to the Holy Scriptures.

“I think,” said Mrs. Arnold, “that his appearance before the diet of Worms was the sublimest hour of his life.”

“Yes; he stood before the greatest and the most powerful men of his times, but by all their threats and entreaties they could not move him from the Rock of his strength.”



The Castle of the Wartburg.



"Then he was hidden in the Wartburg, wasn't he?" asked Stephen.

"Yes; and there he translated the Bible. I read that," said Josie.

"What was it about the Wartburg?" asked little Paul.

"You know," answered Mr. Arnold, "that when the safe-conduct given by the emperor expired, Luther became an outlaw. Every one was forbidden to give him food or shelter. His books were to be burnt and his goods sold, and no one was to protect or help him in any way. As he was going from Worms and came to the mountains near Eisenach, a band of armed knights seized him and carried him off. Where was he taken? Nobody could tell. But these armed men were sent by Luther's friends to seize him thus and bear him to a lonely castle called the Wartburg, where he would be safely hidden from his enemies."

"And now," said Mrs. Arnold, "we must close for to-night, for Maggie and Charlie must be off to bed."



## CHAPTER XV.

### *LUTHER IN THE WARTBURG.*

IN answer to some questions of Stephen's, Mr. Arnold had been telling him how Luther, acting under the advice of the king of Denmark, had written a letter to Henry VIII. of England. This letter the king never received. Hearing nothing of it, Luther boldly printed it and sent a copy to the king. In wrath Henry exclaimed :

“What! does this apostate monk dare print a letter addressed to us without having even sent it—or, at the least, without knowing if we have ever received it?”

“Henry called it an impudent letter,” remarked Mr. Arnold; “certainly, some very plain truths were contained in it.”

“Did he answer it?” inquired Josie.

“Yes. And D'Aubigné says this letter, written by ‘the king of the English to the king of the heretics,’ was immediately circulated throughout England, bound up with

Luther's epistle. Henry by publishing it put his subjects on their guard against the *unfaithful* translations of the New Testament, which were about to be burned everywhere."

"And what did Luther say?" asked Maggie.

"‘I have laid my humble epistle at his feet; but, alas! the swine have torn it. I am willing to be silent, . . . but, as regards my doctrine, I cannot impose silence on it. It must cry aloud; it must bite. If any king imagines he can make me retract my faith, he is a dreamer. So long as one drop of blood remains in my body I shall say “No.” Emperors, kings, the devil, and even the whole universe, cannot frighten me when faith is concerned. . . . For a thousand years the Holy Scriptures have not shone in the world with so much brightness as now. I wait in peace for my last hour; I have done what I could. O princes, my hands are clean from your blood; it will fall on your own heads.’”

"Tell us about what he did when he was in the Wartburg," said Josie.

Mr. Arnold took up the history and read :

“For some time after the gospel was preached in the pulpit the old superstitions were observed at the altar, for ancient rites retired reluctantly. A new faith was abroad, but new works were not yet seen.

“The truth came slowly to Luther, and you know he never was *fully* emancipated from error. The opinions he put forth made silent progress, like the waters which trickle behind our rocks and loosen them from the mountains on which they rest ; suddenly the hidden operation is revealed, and a single day suffices to lay bare the work of years, if not of centuries.

“When the walls of the Wartburg hid Luther from the world, the work of reformation seemed to disappear from view ; until this period it had centred in the person of Luther. All Germany was moved by the news of his captivity. The wildest stories were circulated in regard to him. Travelers, being questioned, recounted how brutal horsemen had been seen hastily binding the Reformer and dragging him after them on foot till his strength was spent and his

blood flowed. Some said his body had been pierced through and through. Luther's friends swore to avenge his death, which caused great alarm in the Romish party. One Romanist wrote to the archbishop of Mentz: 'The only way of extricating ourselves is to light our torches and go searching through the earth for Luther till we can restore him to the nation that will have him.'

"Loud accusations were brought against Charles V. and the nuncios. The entire nation espoused the cause of the monk whose energy of faith had made him its leader. The consternation at Wittemberg was extreme.

"Suddenly news of a more cheering nature arrived. 'Our well-beloved father still lives,' exclaimed Melanchthon, exultingly; 'take courage and stand firm.'

"But ere long sorrow returned. Luther lived, but he was in close imprisonment. But, while for ten months God's hand wisely shut him in, that same hand carried on the mighty work begun. The edict of Worms was being rendered powerless. The man

who, without heeding the thunderbolts of Charles and of the pope, had made confession of his faith with the courage of a martyr was constantly winning the people to his side. It was becoming evident that he spoke the truth. A wave of enthusiasm was spreading over the land.

“‘The knight George,’ as Luther was called during his imprisonment, was at large in the fortress, but was never permitted to pass outside. All his wishes were gratified, and he had never been better treated. ‘Pray for me,’ he wrote to Spalatin; ‘I want nothing but your prayers. Don’t disturb me by what is said or thought of me in the world. At last I am quiet.’ This letter, like many others, was dated ‘from the island of Patmos.’ Seated in solitude on the walls of the Wartburg, he passed whole days lost in meditation. At times the wretchedness of the Church rose before his vision, and then he dreaded being charged with having deserted the field of battle. ‘Rather,’ he exclaimed, ‘would I be stretched on burning coals than stagnate here half dead.’ At other times faith triumphed, and his soul found rest in



peaceful, trustful thoughts. Next to the sweet assurance of the Lord's protection, he was consoled by the recollection of Melancthon. 'If I perish,' he wrote, 'the gospel will lose nothing: you will succeed me as Elisha succeeded Elijah, with a double portion of my spirit.'

"Luther feared the final onset of Rome on the infant Church. The poor monk, a prisoner and alone, had many a struggle to pass through in his solitude.

"Sickness added to his trials. He had already suffered much at Worms, and his disorder increased in loneliness. The food at first given him at the Wartburg was altogether unsuited to him; it was richer than his customary diet, for he was used to convent fare. That was soon exchanged for plainer food. But sleeplessness was not so easily remedied. He passed whole nights without sleep, anxieties of mind and pain of body forcing from him loud cries. Then, ceasing to complain and touched with the thought that what he was undergoing was sent in mercy from God, he would break forth in the language of love and praise.

“Let me show you what Luther’s employments were. ‘I am going through the Bible in Hebrew and Greek,’ he wrote. ‘I mean to write a discourse in German touching auricular confession, also to continue the translation of the Psalms and to compose a collection of sermons as soon as I have received what I want from Wittemberg. My pen is never idle.’ Even this was but a part of his labors. And yet he writes: ‘Here am I lapped in indolence and pleasure.’ He doubtless referred to the quality of his food. And certainly he must at times have felt it a pleasure to be shut out from conflicts and turmoil.

“Luther’s enemies thought that, if not dead, at least he was effectually silenced; but their exultation was short. A multitude of tracts composed in the Wartburg followed one another in rapid succession, and were enthusiastically received. For ten months he thus instructed, exhorted, rebuked and thundered from his mountain-height. He allowed himself hardly any rest.

“The declining health of Luther made him think of leaving the castle. But what

to do? Should he venture to appear in open day? In the rear of the mountain on which the fortress was built the country was intersected by numerous footpaths bordered by tufts of wild strawberries. The massive gate of the castle was unclosed, and the prisoner ventured to gather some of the fruit. Gradually he became more venturesome, and, disguised in his knight's costume and attended by a rough-mannered but faithful guard, he extended his excursions in the neighborhood.

“One day, stopping to rest at an inn, Luther laid aside his sword, which encumbered him, and took up some books that lay near. His natural disposition got the better of his prudence. His attendant took the alarm lest an action so unusual in a man of arms should excite a suspicion that the doctor was not really a knight. Another time the two companions descended the mountain and entered the convent of Reichardsbrunn, in which, but a few months before, Luther had rested for a night on his way to Worms. Suddenly one of the lay-brothers uttered an exclamation of surprise: Luther had been

recognized. His keeper, seeing how the matter stood, hurried him away, and it was not till they were galloping far from the cloisters that the monk recovered from his astonishment.

“The life of the doctor of Wittemberg, in his assumed character of knight, had indeed at times about it a something truly theological. One day the snares were made ready, the fortress gates thrown open, the sporting-dogs let loose. Luther had expressed a wish to partake of the pleasures of the chase. The huntsmen were in high spirits; the dogs scoured the hills, driving the hares from the brushwood; but as the tumult swelled around him the knight George, motionless in the midst of it, felt his soul fill with solemn thoughts. Looking around him, his heart heaved with sorrow. ‘Is it not,’ said he, ‘the very picture of the devil setting his dogs, the bishops—those messengers of Antichrist—and sending them out to hunt down poor souls? A young leveret had been snared; rejoicing to liberate it, Luther wrapped it in his mantle and deposited it in the midst of a thicket. But scarcely had he

left the spot, when the dogs scented it and killed it. Drawn to the place by its cry, Luther uttered an exclamation of grief: 'O pope! and thou too, O Satan! it is thus that ye would compass the destruction of the souls that have been rescued from death.'

"While the doctor of Wittemberg was dead to the world, the great work of the Reformation was progressing. It was no longer limited to teaching: it now began to affect and mould the life. Bernard Feldkirchen, the pastor of Kemberg, and the first, under Luther's direction, to expose the errors of Rome, was also the first to throw off the yoke of her institutions: he married. You would be surprised to know what a tumult this simple act excited. 'I am all admiration,' said Luther, 'of the new bridegroom of Kemberg, who moves on fearlessly in the midst of all this hubbub.' Luther was satisfied that priests ought to marry, but he was not clear about the marriage of friars until he had passed through a mental conflict. Melanchthon and Carlstadt thought one class ought to be as free as the other. Luther wrote to Melanchthon: 'The priests



are ordained by God, and therefore they are set above the commandments of men; but the friars have of their own accord chosen a life of celibacy. They are not, therefore, at liberty to withdraw from the obligation they have laid themselves under.'

"But the Reformer who had already trampled under his feet many Romish corruptions was destined to advance a step farther. Monkeny, which had in early times carried the spark of life to many a desert spot, and, passing through successive generations, now filled so many cloisters with sloth and luxury, seemed to find a voice in the castle of Thuringen, and to depend for life or death upon the agitated conscience of one man. Luther struggled for a while, at one moment on the point of rejecting it, at another disposed to acknowledge it. At last, no longer able to support the contest, he threw himself in prayer at the feet of Christ, exclaiming, 'Do thou teach us! Do thou deliver us! Establish us with thy free Spirit in the liberty thou hast given us, for surely we are thy people.'

"The old doctrine of justification by faith

dethroned monkery from the place it held in Luther's mind and in the mind of Christendom. Luther was led to see that the monastic institutions were in flagrant opposition to the doctrines of free grace, and that the life led by the monks was entirely grounded on the assertion of human merit. Convinced from that moment that the glory of Christ was at stake, his conscience incessantly repeated, 'Monkery must yield. So long as justification by faith is clearly held by the Church, not one of her members will become a monk.' Soon he declared war against monkery. He was transformed; he felt himself no longer a friar.

"The partisans of Rome thought that because Luther was in the Wartburg the Reformation was for ever at an end. No sooner was the decree against Luther issued from the imperial chancellor's court than Albert, the archbishop and elector of Mentz, called together the sellers of indulgences and encouraged them to resume their iniquitous work. 'Do not fear Luther,' he said; 'we have silenced him. Go shear the flock in peace; the monk is in prison, under bolts and

bars, and this time he will be clever indeed if he disturbs us at our work.' The market was again opened, the wares were spread out for sale; again the churches of Halle resounded with harangues of mountebanks.

"Thank God, Luther still lived, and his voice had power to reach beyond the walls of his prison. He was aroused to the highest pitch of indignation. 'I will take no rest,' he exclaimed, 'until I have attacked the *idol* of Mentz.'

"The elector tried to prevent Luther's 'disturbing the public tranquillity,' but the brave Reformer declared that he would rather ruin the elector and the whole world than not write in defence of the truth. He knew that the power of the emperor could easily silence a feeble monk, but he exclaimed, 'I will fearlessly discharge the duty that Christian charity lays me under, dreading not the gates of hell, and much less popes, bishops or cardinals.'

"With many brave words Luther met the young and weak-minded Albert, who trembled before him and returned a surprisingly meek reply. We cannot help asking our-

selves why the cardinal-archbishop trembled in his chair. Was it not because his guilty conscience told him that truth and right were on the side of the solitary captive?

“Joachim I., elector of Brandenburg, Albert’s brother, was a man of great decision of character. Immovable in his principle, decisive in action, knowing when needful how to resist the encroachments of the pope, he opposed an iron hand to the progress of the Reformation. Long before this, when at Worms, he had urged that Luther should be refused a hearing and brought to punishment, notwithstanding the safe-conduct with which he was furnished. Scarcely was the edict of Worms issued when he directed that it should be rigorously enforced in his states. Luther could appreciate so decided a character.

“This disposition of Joachim seemed to communicate itself to his people. Berlin and Brandenburg long continued closed to the Reformed doctrines. But that which is slowly received is firmly held. While countries which then hailed the gospel with joy, as Belgium and Westphalia, were ere long

seen to abandon it, Brandenburg, which was the latest of the German states to enter on the way of faith, was destined at a later period to stand foremost in the cause of the Reformation.

“Before Luther entered the Wartburg he had translated some fragments of the Bible; he resolved to devote the time of his captivity to further translation. Soon the word of God, descending with him from the Wartburg, circulated among the families of Germany, enriching them with spiritual treasure that had hitherto been shut up within the hearts of a few pious persons. It was an important moment in the history of the Reformation. The Bible was brought forward, and Luther held a secondary place.

“In translating the Bible, Luther found the consolation and strength he needed. Weak in body and sorrowful in spirit, he at times passed through fearful struggles. His vivid imagination easily gave bodily shape to the emotions of his soul, and ancient superstitions still had some hold upon him.”

“I wonder why Luther did not escape out of the Wartburg?” said Josie. “I suppose



he was too much interested in his translation."

"He did at times grow very impatient, and at last he secretly quitted the fortress and went to Wittemberg. A storm had just burst forth against him. The Sorbonne—that celebrated school of Paris, next in authority in the Church to the pope himself—had just spoken its verdict against the Reformation. Melanchthon fearlessly defended Luther at this time, and proved by his writings that the heresy was in Paris and in Rome, and not at Wittemberg."

"Tell us about his leaving the fortress," said Maggie.

"Disguised as a knight, Luther traveled to Wittemberg, being recognized by no one on the way. His friends were secretly called together, and a happy meeting they had. Melanchthon was among the first to greet him. Gladly Luther heard of the spread of the Reformation, and they prayed and gave thanks together. Then, after a brief delay, he returned to the Wartburg."

"Returned'!" cried Maggie and Charlie at once. "I would not have done that."

"I suppose he wanted to finish translating the Bible," gravely remarked Paul, "and he couldn't find a better place."

"It was quiet enough there," remarked Stephen.—"Please go on, father."

"Rome, having rid herself of the Reformer, thought she had extinguished the new heresy, but it was not long before a great change took place. Death removed the pope who had put Luther under the ban; troubles broke out in Spain and compelled Charles V. to recross the Pyrenees; war was declared between Charles and Francis I.; and, as if this were not enough to engross the emperor's attention, the Turk Solyman invaded Hungary. Charles, thus attacked on all sides, found himself compelled to let Luther alone.

"In the convent of the Augustines, at Wittemberg, Luther's influence was felt, though he was not within its walls. A zealous monk named Gabriel, who filled the office of college-preacher, called loudly for reform. He bravely attacked the mass, declaring that Christ instituted the sacrament of the altar in remembrance of his death,

and not to make it an object of worship. 'To bow down to it is idolatry,' exclaimed this monk; and his brethren heard him with approbation. Luther himself had said, 'Henceforth I will say no more private masses;' they resolved to follow his example."

"I do not know what you mean by 'mass,'" said Maggie.

"Mass is the celebration of the Lord's Supper in the Roman Catholic Church," said Mr. Arnold.

"What is high mass?" inquired Josie.

"When the service is performed with music," said Mr. Arnold.

"Father, Luther did not think as we do about the Lord's Supper," said Stephen.

"What did he believe, Stephen?"

"Why, he seemed to believe that Christ was in some way present in the bread and wine—his real body and blood."

"Do the Romanists really believe that?" exclaimed Paul, with surprise.

"Yes, Paul; the Romanists believe that when the priest pronounces the words of consecration the bread and the wine are

changed into the body and the blood of Christ. The sacrifice of the mass is not considered very different from the sacrifice offered by Christ on the cross, but is rather, in their eyes, a repeating of this sacrifice, Christ offering himself again through the hands of the priests."

Mrs. Arnold opened the Bible and read :

" 'Nor yet that he should offer himself often, as the high priest entereth into the holy place every year with blood of others ; for then must he often have suffered since the foundation of the world : but now *once*, in the end of the world, hath he appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself. And as it is appointed unto men *once* to die, but after this the judgment : so Christ was *once* offered to bear the sins of many ; and unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time without sin unto salvation.' "

"Once for all," said Mr. Arnold, "is the Bible teaching, but this is not the teaching of the Romish Church."

"Luther believed in consubstantiation," said Stephen.

"What's that?" inquired Maggie.

Mr. Arnold did not, as usual, leave Stephen to explain, but he answered Maggie as simply as he could, telling her that Luther believed that the body and the blood of Christ were present with the bread and the wine, while the Romanists believed that the bread and the wine were changed into the very body and the blood of Christ.

"There are different kinds of masses," continued Mr. Arnold. "A high, or solemn, mass is celebrated with the assistance of a deacon and a sub-deacon, and is sung by choristers; a low mass is one in which no part is sung, and at which the priest has no assistant but his clerk. At mass the priests wear different colors to indicate the different festivals—red for the feast of martyrs, purple for penitential times, black for masses for the dead. Masses are sometimes said for avoiding danger, for obtaining special favors—as for the recovery of health—or for any special purposes."

"The Romanists do not seem to care what the Bible teaches," remarked Paul, in his thoughtful way.

"You remember the monk Gabriel and



his brethren in the convent protested against private masses. But the prior set his authority against the rest, and a great excitement spread through the town. The elector ordered the monks to be kept on bread and water, in order to reduce them to obedience, and a deputation of professors—among whom was Melanchthon—went to the convent and exhorted the monks to desist from all innovations, or, at least, to wait the course of events.”

“Did they give it up?” asked Josie.

“No; it only rekindled their zeal. They appealed to Scripture, to the spiritual discernment of believers and to the impartial judgment of divines, and two days afterwards handed in a declaration in writing. The professors were soon convinced that the monks had the truth on their side, and after much hesitation they took a bold course.

“On the 20th of October the university reported to the elector, after setting forth the abuses of the mass. ‘Let Your Electoral Highness,’ said they, ‘put an end to all corruption, lest in the day of judgment Christ should apply to us the rebuke he once pro-

nounced upon Capernaum.' Thus it was no longer a handful of obscure monks who spoke: it was the university, the great school of national instruction; once the agency employed to quell the spirit of the Reformation, it was now about to spread it far and wide.

"The elector was astounded. He intended to restore order among a few refractory monks, and, lo! the entire university, with Melanchthon at their head, stood up to defend them. The Reformation was advancing with rapid strides.

"Frederick made some efforts to arrest it. 'Do not be hasty,' said he to the divines; 'you are too few in number to effect such a change. If it is well founded in Scripture, others will be led to see it, and you will have the whole Church with you in putting an end to these corruptions. Speak of these things; discuss and preach them as much as you will; but keep up the established services.'

"In deference to the voice of the revered Frederick, the mass for a while continued to hold its place.

“Gabriel now attacked monkery. ‘No one in the convent keeps God’s commandments. Whoso enters a cloister enters into the service of the devil.’ These were some of the strange expressions reported to the prior, who took good care not to be present in church to hear them.

“Before long thirteen Augustine monks left the convent. Monasticism was doomed to fall before the truth which came to restore liberty and truth.

“The elector tried to oppose the stream, but public feeling ran violently. Carlstadt, who, like Luther, was zealous, upright, fearlessly took part in the general ferment. ‘What folly,’ he exclaimed, ‘for men to think that the Reformation must be left to God’s working! A new order of things is opening. The strength of man must be brought in, and woe to him who shall hold back instead of mounting the breach in the cause of the mighty God!’

“Carlstadt had already, with twelve of his friends, celebrated the Lord’s Supper according to the scriptural mode. On the Sunday before Christmas he announced

from the pulpit that on New Year's Day he would give both the bread and the wine to all who should come to the altar."

"The council resolved to interfere, and this led Carlstadt to celebrate the communion before the appointed time. On Christmas Day, 1521, he preached on the duty of giving up the mass and of receiving the sacrament under two kinds. You know the priests never gave the wine to the people, but only the wafer—that is, the thin pieces of bread they use in the sacrament."

"I have seen the priest in the cathedral," said Mrs. Arnold, "hold a cup or goblet full of these wafers, and lay one on the tongue of each person kneeling at the altar-railing."

"When the sermon was ended, Carlstadt came down to the altar and said, 'If any one feels the burden of his sins and is hungering and thirsting for the grace of God, let him draw near and receive the body and the blood of the Lord.' Then, without elevating the host, he distributed to each one the bread and the wine, saying, 'This is the cup of my blood, the blood of the new and everlasting covenant.'

“Carlstadt met with no opposition. The town council of Wittemberg issued regulations for the celebration of the Supper according to this way. Steps were also taken with regard to public morals, for it was the office of the Reformation to re-establish at the same time faith, Christian worship and morality.

“I am sorry to tell you that a fierce controversy arose between Carlstadt and Luther. These early friends were separated by their different views on the Lord's Supper. From their controversy arose a great division in the Church. Carlstadt was a rash Reformer, and it was impossible for Luther to approve of all he did. At Orlamunde he forcibly took possession of a pulpit, creating much disorder, which Luther denounced. He was expelled from Saxony by order of the elector, who dreaded lest the Reformer should go too far. Afterward, when Carlstadt was reduced to extreme poverty, Luther assisted him to a home and employment near Wittemberg, under condition that he would not utter his peculiar opinions. But after three years, in 1528, Carlstadt again came forward



with some violent publications, and to escape the indignation of Luther he went to Denmark, Strasburg, and finally to Zurich, where he was kindly received by Zwingle. At the time of his death he was professor of theology at Basle."

"Giving up the mass was a great step forward," said Mrs. Arnold.

"Yes; the mass cast reproach upon the Son of God. It exalted the priest, who was thus given power to produce at will the sovereign Creator of all things.

"Affairs were daily growing more serious in Wittemberg. Carlstadt poured contempt upon human learning, advising students to return to their homes and resume the spade, because man was to eat bread in the sweat of his brow.

"A firm hand and a wise head were needed to repress fanatical excesses, but where was the man able to do it? Melancthon was too young, too deficient in firmness. The elector was the most peaceful man of his age; the tranquil occupations of these closing years of his life were building castles, adorning churches with the fine

pictures of Lucas Cranach, improving the chanting in the chapels, and promoting the happiness of his subjects. Is it any wonder that the cry, 'Luther! Luther!' rang from one end of Wittemberg to the other?

"On the 3d of March, 1522, Luther bade farewell to the gray turrets of the Wartburg, and passed along the path that wound to the foot of the mountain. The world which lay stretched before him, and on which he was once more about to appear, would soon, perhaps, ring with the clamors of those who sought his life. It mattered not: he went forth rejoicing, for the Lord was with him."

## CHAPTER XVI.

### *LUTHER AT WITTEMBERG.*

“**L**UTHER returned to Wittemberg with a brave heart. He raised his head as the lion shakes his brindled mane when roused to the fight.

“‘The hour is come,’ he said, ‘when we must trample under foot the power of Satan and contend against the spirit of darkness. If our adversaries do not flee from us, Christ will know how to compel them. We who put our trust in the Lord of life and death are lords both of life and death.’

“The day after his return was Sunday. The doctor, whom the lofty walls of the Wartburg had for nearly a year hidden from the public eye, was about to appear in the pulpit of Wittemberg. ‘Luther is come back!’ ‘Luther is to preach to-day!’ The news was repeated from one to the other, and people hurried to the church.

“Luther spoke tenderly yet fearlessly. During that week he preached daily. He took a review of the destruction of images, of the institution of the Supper and of many other things. Crowds continually filled the church; many came from the neighboring towns and villages to hear this new Elijah. Carlstadt was mortified to find his party losing ground on the reappearance of Luther. Nevertheless, for the sake of peace he remained silent, and soon resumed his work of teaching in the university.

“Luther withstood fanaticism and restored order at Wittemberg. He continued to reside in the convent and to wear the monastic habit, but held that every one who chose to do so was free to lay it aside.

“No sooner was order restored than Luther urged Melanchthon to help in the revision of the New Testament. Gladly he complied, and many were the hours the two friends spent together studying and translating the Holy Scriptures. The work of printing was carried on with great activity; three presses were constantly employed, and ten thousand sheets were struck off every

day. Soon every German could at small cost obtain the New Testament in the German language. The great work of the sixteenth century was now placed on a rock whence nothing could dislodge it. The Testament had an immense sale. Before the first edition was out, Luther was already at work on a translation of the Old Testament. It was issued in portions as he finished it, to gratify the impatience of the public and to make the purchase easy for the poor.

“But if the Bible was thus joyfully welcomed by such as loved the Lord Jesus Christ, it was scornfully rejected by such as preferred the traditions and the ordinances of men. This publication by Luther was the signal of violent persecution. Rome trembled and ignorant priests were dismayed to learn that the people were reading, and would be able to discuss with them, the precepts of the Lord. The king of England denounced the work to the elector Frederick and to Duke George of Saxony. Before this the duke had commanded his subjects to deliver up every copy of Luther's New Testament to the magistrate; Bavaria, Bran-



denburg, Austria and all the states in the interest of Rome passed similar decrees. In some places bonfires composed of the sacred books were lighted in the public squares. Thus did Rome attempt to repress the religion of Jesus Christ.

“But what power can stay when the Lord works? He used for making known his word the very hands that were trying to destroy it. The Roman divines, since they could not stop the circulation of the Reformer's works, themselves put forth a translation of the New Testament. It was no other than Luther's, here and there altered by the new editors. No hindrance was offered to the reading of it. Rome had not yet found out that wherever the word of God took root its own power began to totter.

“The publication of the Bible in the language of the people was a great event, and wrought an entire change in society. The Reformation seemed now to pass from the college and to take its proper place—in the homes of the people.

“Luther had been about three months at Wittemberg when a rumor reached him that

one of the greatest monarchs of Christendom, Henry VIII. of England, had risen up against him. Henry was then in his thirty-first year. Vehement in temper, he was ready to bear down on whatever stood in the way of his passions. At the time he first heard of Luther his indignation burst forth, and no sooner did the decree of the diet of Worms reach England than he gave orders that the pontiff's bull against the Reformer's writings should be carried into execution. He also employed his pen against Luther. In his vanity the king imagined his pen to be a powerful weapon, and he had many flatterers to foster this idea. He had no doubt that he was inspired by the Holy Spirit, and that infallibility was vested in his own person.

“For a period of eight centuries the emperors and the kings of Europe had been under the patronage of the pope. Two leading desires at this time agitated the minds of the Germans. On one hand, the people aspired after a revival of the faith; on the other, they demanded a national government wherein the German states might

be represented, and which should serve as a counterpoise to the imperial power. The elector Frederick had urged this demand at the time of the election of Charles V., and a national government had, in consequence, been chosen. Thus, while Luther was reforming the Church, Frederick was reforming the State.

“But political disorders brought into peril the reformation of both Church and State. The emperor and the pope had combined against the Reformation, and it might appear to be doomed to fall beneath the strokes of such powerful enemies. Policy, interest, ambition, obliged Charles V. and Leo X. to extirpate it. The foe that Rome had sworn to crush stood up in the confidence of courage and strength. The contest must be sharp; blood must flow.

“Just at this time war broke out between Francis I. of France and Charles V.

“I must tell you about a young Spaniard, at this time in the army of Charles, who afterward became famous as the founder of the order of the Jesuits. His name was Ignatius Loyola, or Don Inigo Lopez de Re-

calde. He was brought up at the court of Ferdinand the Catholic and trained in all the vices and frivolities peculiar to his position. He was wounded in battle, and during a long sickness he amused himself with Spanish legends of the saints. His fancy was seized, and in a fit of mystical devotion he renounced the world. Making a visit to the shrine of the Virgin, he laid his arms on her altar and vowed himself her knight. Then, assuming a pilgrim's garb, he set forth, performing deeds of benevolence which won him great renown, and finally travelled to Rome to receive the pope's blessing. He spent some time in a convent of the Dominicans, giving himself up to the most rigid penances. Seven hours he passed on his knees, and thrice every day he scourged himself. At midnight he used to rise and pray. He allowed his hair and his nails to grow, and no former friends could have recognized in the pale and lank visage of the monk the young and brilliant knight. Obtaining no relief of mind from the various ordinances of the Church, he began, as Luther had done, to doubt their efficacy. But,

instead of turning from man's works and seeking the finished work of Christ, he considered whether he should not once more plunge into the vanities of the age. His soul panted for that world which he had solemnly renounced, but he recoiled awestruck.

“And was there at this moment any difference between the monk of Manresa and the monk of Erfurth? Yes, in some points; but their condition of soul was alike. Both were deeply sensible of their sins; both sought peace with God and desired to have the assurance of it in their hearts. If another Staupitz, with the Bible in his hand, had presented himself at the convent of Manresa, perhaps Loyola might have been known to us as the Luther of Spain. These two remarkable men of the sixteenth century, the founders of two opposing spiritual empires which for three centuries have warred one against the other, were at this period *brothers*, and perhaps, if they had been thrown together, Luther and Loyola would each have rushed into the other's embrace and mingled their tears and their prayers.



“But from this moment the two monks were to take opposite courses. Luther looked to Christ; Loyola did but turn inward on himself. He lived the life of a recluse, and dreams and visions became the moving-powers of his life. Several young men admired his zeal and became his disciples. One of these was the famous Francis Xavier, afterward known as ‘the Apostle of India.’ Loyola, gathering others around him, instituted an order, of which he became president. To direct and stimulate it, he took up his abode in Rome. This was the order of the Jesuits—the mightiest by far of all such institutions of Rome, and the one which has more than once shaken the nations of Europe.”

## CHAPTER XVII.

### *TROUBLES IN GERMANY.*

“**L**EO X. had been greatly pleased by the intelligence of the edict of Worms and of Luther’s captivity, and in sign of his triumph had caused the Reformer to be publicly burnt in effigy, together with his writings. Soon after this Leo died, and the pope who excommunicated the Reformation was followed to his burial by a crowd that gave utterance to curses because he had died without the sacraments. Poor man! death came so suddenly that he had not time for them. He was only forty-seven years of age.

“The next pope was an old man, upright, industrious, learned, pious, sincere in character and very frugal in his tastes. In the palace which Leo had filled with luxury and dissipation the old housekeeper of Adrian VI. effected quite a change. In the city also Adrian tried to work a change, banishing the profane, the perjurers and the usurers.

It was no easy task, for these classes composed a considerable proportion of the population. These measures aroused the hatred of the Romans against Adrian. We are told that the old pontiff sighed deeply and exclaimed, 'Oh how wretched is the position of the popes, since they have not even liberty to do right!'

"We soon hear of designs against Luther, and of clouds again gathering in the Reformation sky. In his hereditary states of Austria, Ferdinand had already commenced a cruel persecution against those who were favorable to the Reformation. Luther's reappearance and activity at Wittemberg had revived the bygone hatred. 'Now that we know where to lay hands on him,' said Duke George, 'why not carry into effect the sentence of Worms?' In the diet that met at Nuremberg in December, 1522, the mouth-piece of the pope insisted that Luther should be put to death. He reminded that vast assembly that John Huss and Jerome of Prague had been punished with death, and called upon them to follow 'the glorious example' of their ancestors and by the help

of God and St. Peter to gain a signal victory over this 'serpent of hell.'

"But, while threatening sounds were heard at the diet, the gospel was sounding in the churches of Nuremberg, and crowds were gathering to hear it. The diet at first decided to arrest the preachers, but the town council came to the rescue, declaring that if the diet imprisoned their preachers force should be employed to set them free. The project was abandoned.

"Adrian, little used to the ways of the world, by admitting that Rome had been for many years the scene of corruptions and abominations, injured the cause he wished to help. The supporters of Rome blushed at these unlooked-for words, knowing that these admissions were too true, while the friends of the Reformation rejoiced to hear Rome proclaiming her corruption. Who could doubt that Luther had truth on his side, now that the pope proclaimed it?

"The corruptions of Rome were set forth at great length, and the council declared that if they were not reduced within a limited time they would consult together and seek

some other means of deliverance from sufferings and wrongs. They demanded a free council and decreed that until such council should assemble nothing should be preached but the simple gospel, and nothing should be put forth in print without the sanction of a certain number of men of character and learning. What an advance since the diet of Worms! The decree of this diet of Nuremburg was the first victory gained by the Reformation, and was the presage of future triumphs.

“Great was the indignation among the pope’s council. What! it is not enough to have to bear with a pope who disappoints the expectations of the Romans, in whose palace no sound of song or amusement is ever heard, but, in addition to this, secular princes are to be suffered to hold a language that Rome abhors, and to refuse to deliver up the monk of Wittemberg to the executioner? Adrian himself was indignant, and it was not long before the effects of his anger were seen. Princes, in fear, began to make concessions. Persecution was renewed. Luther trembled for Germany and sought to



allay the tempest. Duke George openly took the lead in the persecution, but he was not content to carry it on among his own subjects: he desired to see it extend to electoral Saxony, and he labored hard to move the elector Frederick and Duke John. Failing in this, he increased his severities against such as lay within his reach. He imprisoned the monks and priests who inclined to Luther's doctrine, and in many ways tried to arrest the progress of the truth.

"In the Low Countries, under the immediate rule of Charles V., persecution broke out with the most violence; and it was at Brussels, July 1, 1523, that the first martyrs of the Reformation laid down their lives for the gospel.

"In the midst of his violent measures Pope Adrian died, and the Romans, overjoyed at being rid of him, suspended a crown of flowers at the door of his physician, with an inscription: 'To the saviour his country.' This was in September, 1523.

"Adrian's successor was Julio de Medici, cousin to Leo X.; he took the name Clement VII. After the day of his election

all ideas of religious reformation were at an end. The new pope cared only to maintain the privileges of the papacy and to employ its resources for his own enriching. Clement sent to Germany the ablest prelate of his court, Cardinal Campeggio. He did not journey far without discovering that the reign of the papacy was drawing to its close ; in some places he received no more attention than if a private individual.

“The diet had met in session at Nuremberg in January, 1525. Campeggio demanded that the Reformation be put down by force. The princes and the deputies gave vent to their indignation, and asked the legate what had become of the memorial of grievances presented to the pope by the people of Germany. The legate, acting upon his instructions, pretended great surprise, and said it had been received in Rome, but had never been officially communicated, and he could never believe that so unseemly a paper could have come from them. The diet was stung by this reply, and straightway prepared an answer for the pope. They demanded a convocation

in Germany of a general council of Christendom.

“The friends of the Reformation did not stop here. A council might never be called; and if it were, it would be composed of bishops. In its place let a *national* assembly be called, charged with the defence of the popular interests. The anger and alarm of the pope was great. If this step be taken, Germany will be saved; but Rome is ruined. A consistory was hastily called together, and one who watched the dismay of the senators might have thought the Germans were in full march upon Rome.

“A conference was held for fifteen days in the town-hall of Ratisbon. The legate harrowed its members with thrilling narrations of the dangers resulting from the Reformation, and called upon all to arise and rescue the Church by uprooting heresy. The conference ended with a ball, which continued till daybreak. Surely such a recreation was needed by this Catholic assembly convened by the papacy to resist the infant Reformation. They had hard work before them, for they had agreed to destroy all

heretics. The princes and the bishops bound themselves to enforce the edicts of Worms and Nuremberg, to allow no innovations in public worship, to tolerate no married priest, to recall the students of their states who might be residing in Wittemberg, and to employ all means in their power for the extirpation of heresy. We have not time to enter into the politics of the times."

"Oh no!" exclaimed Maggie; "we don't want to hear politics. They are so dry!"

Mr. Arnold smiled, and in as few words as possible told them that this conference at Ratisbon violated the unity of Germany and led to separations which long bore bitter fruit. After a time the Ratisbon Reformation, as it was called, became an object of public ridicule. Really, after all, Campeggio laid the train which was to bring little less than destruction upon the liberties of Germany. From that hour the cause of Luther was no longer of a nature purely religious, and the contest with the Wittemberg monk ranked among the political events of Europe. Luther would pass into eclipse, and Charles V., the pope and the reigning

princes would be the chief actors on the stage where was to be performed the grand drama of the sixteenth century.

“To humble his rival, Francis I., Charles V. did not hesitate to sacrifice the independence of the empire. He issued an edict, in which he declared that to the pope alone belonged the right to convoke a council. He also urged that without delay the decree of Worms be carried into effect. Thus from Spain and from Italy was struck the blow which arrested the development of the gospel in Germany. Ferdinand and Campeggio descended the Danube from Ratisbon to Vienna, and during their journey mutually pledged each other to cruel measures. Instantly a persecution was set on foot in the Austrian provinces.

“While the Romanists were unsheathing the sword against the Reformation, Luther and Carlstadt were contending about the Lord's Supper, which ended by Luther's withdrawing his followers into an exclusive Lutheranism.

“The league of Ratisbon and the persecutions that followed close upon it created a



powerful reaction. The Germans were not disposed to surrender that word of God of which they had recovered possession; and when orders to that effect came to them from Charles V., though backed by papal bulls and by the fagots of Ferdinand and of other Catholic princes, they returned for an answer, 'We will not give it up.'

"About this time Prince Albert of Brandenburg was converted. He stood at the head of the monastic knights of Germany. He had been to the diet of Nuremberg to invoke the aid of the empire against Poland, and returned broken in spirit on account of the truth which he had heard and read. He was convinced that his monk's vow was contrary to the word of God. He soon became the protector of evangelical doctrine in the towns of Poland. Luther, writing of him to the bishop of Samland, said: 'In Albert, that illustrious hero, you have a prince full of zeal for the gospel, and now the people of Prussia are in possession of the gospel in all its brightness.'

"Luther accomplished a great thing by wresting learning from the hands of priests

who had monopolized it. He insisted upon the study of literature and of languages. The Reformation gave a mighty impulse to literature, and also served to elevate the arts, though Protestantism has often been reproached as their enemy. 'Next to theology,' said Luther, 'it is to music that I give the highest place and the greatest honor.' Poetry derived from the Reformation its loftiest inspiration, and religious songs soothed the souls of many sufferers in the infant Church. Painting was, of all the arts, the least affected by the Reformation; yet Lucas Cranach and Albert Dürer had their part in the great work.

"Thus everything progressed—arts, literature, purity of worship and the minds of prince and people. Alas! in a moment clouds again gathered in the sky of Germany, and a political ferment enveloped the nation in darkness. An insurrection of the peasantry took place, and by some the revolt was attributed to the teaching of the Reformers. The insurrection commenced in the districts of the Black Forest, and spread with great rapidity. Luther

tried to still the tempest, but in vain. The commotion spread from country to country, until, throughout the empire, a widespread revolution was in full career. The rebels were at last defeated, but not until fifty thousand had perished; and almost everywhere in Southern Germany the people lost what little liberty they had formerly possessed. Philip, landgrave of Hesse, took up arms, and Duke John, the elector's brother, Duke George of Saxony and Duke Henry of Brunswick. This rebellion was the result of secular and ecclesiastical oppression.

“Luther was violently excited. He freely used his pen, but, not satisfied with that, he left Wittemberg and traversed some of the districts where the agitation was the greatest. He preached, he labored to soften the hearts of his hearers, and, being strengthened from above in his work, he guided, quieted and brought back into their accustomed channels the impetuous and overflowing torrents.

“The Reformed preachers everywhere exerted a similar influence. The leaders of the sedition were violent fanatics, and the trou-

bles they fermented left a deep and enduring impression on the minds of that age. Nations were struck with consternation. The masses, who had sought in the Reformation nothing but political freedom, withdrew from it of their own accord when they saw that spiritual liberty was the only liberty it offered. Luther's opposition to the peasants involved the loss of the favor of the people. It was not long before a seeming tranquillity was restored, and the silence of terror succeeded to the outbreaks of enthusiasm and sedition.

"The revolt was quelled, but the Reformation lived. The revolt was a thing of earthly origin; the Reformation was from above.

"While the tumults of which we have been speaking were raging, the peaceable Frederick, elector of Saxony, the man whom God had raised up to defend the Reformation against external dangers, was descending to the tomb. His heart was wrung by the atrocities which stained the progress of the war of the peasants. 'Oh,' cried he, with a deep sigh, 'if it were the will of God,

I would gladly be released from this life. I see nothing left, neither love, truth nor faith nor anything good, upon this earth.' It was the will of God to release him, and he quietly turned from the prevailing confusions and prepared for his departure. He had taken up his abode in the castle of Lochau. He freely conversed with Spalatin, and confessed his sins in the presence of God. The next day he received the communion under two kinds. No member of his family was present: his brother and his nephew had both left with the army; but, according to the ancient custom of those times, his domestics stood round the bed; gazing in tears upon the venerable prince whom it had been their privilege to serve. 'My little children,' he said, tenderly, 'if I have offended any one of you, forgive me, for the love of God; for we princes often offend against such little ones, and it ought not so to be.' Feeling his death rapidly approaching, he destroyed a will he had made some years before, in which he had commended his soul to 'the Mother of God,' and dictated another, in which he cast himself on the spotless and



availing merit of Jesus Christ 'for the forgiveness of his sins,' and expressed his firm assurance that 'he was redeemed by the precious blood of his beloved Saviour.' 'This done, he added, 'My strength fails me; I can say no more;' and at five the same evening he 'fell asleep.'"

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### *LUTHER'S MARRIAGE.—THE DIET OF SPIRES.*

“THE next thing we hear of Luther is his marriage,” said Mr. Arnold.

“Tell us about it, please,” said Maggie.

Mr. Arnold opened the *History*:

“In the monastery of Nimptsch, in Saxony, resided, in the year 1523, nine nuns who had devoted themselves to reading God’s word, and had discerned the contrast that existed between the Christian life and the daily routine of their cloister. As soon as their minds were thus enlightened they wrote to their relations that the salvation of their souls required their leaving the cloister. The parents, fearing trouble, repelled them with harshness. The poor nuns were overwhelmed with distress. At first they were too timid to take a bold step, but at last their horror of the papal services prevailed, and they all escaped from the nunnery.

“Two respected and pious citizens of Tor-

gau conducted them in their wagon to the old convent of the Augustines, where Luther resided. 'This is not my doing,' said Luther as he received them, 'but would to God I could in this way give liberty to enslaved consciences and empty the cloisters of their tenants!'

"Several families offered to receive the nuns into their houses. In this way they found homes. One of them, Catherine Bora, found a welcome in the family of the burgomaster of Wittemberg. At that time Luther had more thought of ascending the scaffold than he had of ascending the steps of the altar. Many months after this he answered those who spoke of marriage: 'God may change my purpose, if such be his pleasure, but at present I have no thought of taking a wife. Not that I am insensible to the charms of a married life: I am neither wood nor stone; but I every day expect the punishment of a heretic.'

"All was moving onward in the Church, and it was not long before the last monk quitted the Augustine convent and Luther's footsteps alone re-echoed in the long corri-

dors. He sat silent and alone in the refectory, so lately vocal with the babble of the monks. The convent, indeed, had ceased to have any existence. Luther, toward the end of December, 1524, sent to the elector the keys of the monastery.

“The elector made over the convent to the university, and desired Luther to continue to reside in it. The abode of the monks was ere long to become the home of a Christian family.

“When Luther’s heart first turned to Catherine Bora, his scruples and the thought of the calumnies which such a step would occasion hindered him. After much prayer and reflection, however, he resolved upon this important step. Marriage he looked upon as God’s appointment, and he desired to have nothing left of his papistic life.

“‘If that monk marries,’ said a legal friend, ‘he will cause men and devils to shout with laughter, and will bring ruin upon all that he has hitherto effected.’

“This remark was repeated to Luther, and it had a contrary effect from what might have been expected. To brave the

world, the devil and his enemies, and, by an act in man's judgment the most likely to ruin the Reformation, to make it evident that its triumph was not to be ascribed to him, was the very thing he most of all desired. Accordingly, lifting up his head, he boldly replied, 'I'll do it! I'll content my father and marry Catherine.' His father had been urging him to marry.

"By his marriage Luther separated himself more certainly from Rome. No sooner had the ceremony been performed than all Christendom was aroused by the report of it, and on all sides calumnies were heaped upon him. At first Luther was disturbed by this, but before long he felt that the opposition of men was one mark of God's approval. He was now forty-two years of age. Catherine had passed two years at Wittemberg since leaving the convent.

"The marriage was a happy one, and the charms of domestic life soon dispelled the clouds raised around him by the wrath of his adversaries. His Ketha, as he called his wife tenderly, comforted him when cast down by reciting passages of the Bible, re-



lieving him from the cares of the household, sitting by him in his intervals of leisure, while she worked his portrait in embroidery and amused him by the simplicity of her questions. A sort of dignity seems to have marked her deportment, for Luther occasionally spoke of her as 'My Lord Catherine.' His manners became more playful under her influence, and from that time continued that happy flow of spirits which was never lost.

"The new elector, John, brother of Frederick, courageously interested himself in religious matters, and ere long the young landgrave boldly raised his head and tried to imitate Luther in zeal for the gospel. God was multiplying external supports. Prussia unfurled the standard of the gospel. Thus, in place of the cautious Frederick, three princes of bold and decided character—John of Saxony, Philip of Hesse and Albert of Prussia—were openly taking part with the Reformation. Luther besought the elector to establish the preaching of the gospel in all the churches, the place of the ministrations of the Romish priests, and to direct a general visitation of the churches.

“Rome now decided on making one more effort. The pope and the emperor wrote threatening letters, and the imperial government prepared to crush the Reformation at the approaching diet. But the diet met and adjourned without a decisive blow, and the great stroke was postponed until it re-assembled at Spire.

“The enemies of the Reformation incessantly labored against the cause of truth, imploring the emperor’s help. The emperor, Charles V., at Seville, was on the eve of marriage with a princess of Portugal, and the banks of the Guadalquiver resounded with joyous festivity. A dazzling train of nobles and vast crowds of people thronged the ancient city. The pomps and ceremonies of the Church were displayed under the roof of its noble cathedral. A legate from the pope officiated, and never before, even under Arabian rule, had Andalusia witnessed a spectacle of more magnificence.

“The rulers took counsel together and presented a memorial to Charles, saying that the detestable doctrine of Luther was making astonishing progress. Duke Henry

of Brunswick hastened from Germany to Charles, begging him to save the Church and the empire from the attacks of the Wittenberg monk. The emperor resolved upon immediate measures.

“Luther attentively watched these movements, and sought a strength far above the strength of men. Writing to Frederick Myconius, he said, ‘Satan is raging; ungodly priests take counsel together, and we are threatened with war. Exhort the people to contend earnestly before the throne of the Lord, by faith and prayer, that our adversaries, being overcome by the Spirit of God, may be constrained to peace. The very first thing we have to do is to pray; let the people know that they are at this hour exposed to the edge of the sword and the rage of the devil. Let them pray.’ Thus everything indicated a decisive conflict.

“And now the diet of Spires is opened, and the Reformation is about to take a new step: it is about to become an entity. The formal establishment of Protestantism is the great fact that prevails in the history of the

Reformation from 1526 to 1529. It was not at this diet, held in 1526, that the PROTEST was made, but at that held in 1529.

“Suddenly affairs took a different turn, and, instead of conflict, years of peace for the Reformation followed. This was the result of political measures which it would take me too long to explain.

“The diet of 1526 forms an important epoch in history: religious liberty boldly took its stand in front of Romish despotism, and the controlling power of the Middle Ages was shaken. In 1529 was held the diet which revoked the decisions of 1526, and here was made that protest which originated the name of *Protestants*, still applied to the members of the Reformed churches.

“From 1526 to 1529 there was a calm in Germany; the Reformation profited by this calm to organize, to strengthen and to extend itself. It needed some years of repose, and it could not enjoy peace unless its great enemies were at war with one another. We cannot enter upon all these political agitations. In the midst of them Philip of Hesse stands forth as the most

enterprising of all the evangelical princes. He resolved to devote himself to the reformation of his hereditary states.

“At the end of these three years the gospel tree had struck its roots deep. Then came the diet (of 1529) which by its decisions separated Rome from the gospel. The friends of the gospel appealed from the diet to the word of God, and from the emperor Charles to Jesus Christ, the King of kings and the Lord of lords. A grand page was printed on the world's history the day those courageous men boldly spoke out their protest, finishing with the announcement that they intended quitting Spires on the morrow.

“A Romish historian maintains that the word ‘Protestant’ signifies ‘enemy of the emperor and of the pope.’ True it is that Protestants throw off man's authority if it comes in conflict with the word of God, and place Jesus Christ on the throne of the Church.

“As Ferdinand had not heard the protest of the 19th of April, a deputation of the evangelical states went the next day to present it to him. This brother of Charles V.



received it at first, but immediately after desired to return it. Then was witnessed a strange scene, the king refusing to keep the protest, and the deputies to take it back. At last the latter, out of respect, received it from Ferdinand's hands, but they boldly laid it upon the table and directly quitted the hall. The king ordered it carried back to the Protestants, but the protest had been registered in the annals of the world, and nothing could erase it. Liberty of thought and freedom of conscience had been conquered for ages to come.

“While the Christians were filled with joy, their enemies were frightened at their own work and made attempts at reconciliation; but the fanatics of the Romish party rejected all compromise, and desired only the re-establishment of the absolute power of the papacy. The papist princes flung themselves headlong into a path filled with dangers, and nothing was left for the evangelical Christians to do but to fall upon their knees and cry to the Lord.

“The last sitting of the diet took place on the 24th of April. The princes renewed

their protest, in which fourteen free and imperial cities joined, and they next thought of giving their appeal a legal form. After doing this they left Spires and returned to their own homes.

“Melanchthon, persuaded that the two parties were about to draw the sword, returned to Wittemberg greatly agitated and exhausted, telling his friends that a great event had just taken place at Spires—an event full of danger, not only to the empire, but to religion itself. In view of it he used strong language, saying, ‘All the pains of hell oppress me.’ It was Melanchthon’s greatest affliction that these evils were attributed to him. Luther did not take this gloomy view of affairs, but he was far from understanding the force of the protest. ‘The diet,’ he said, ‘has come to an end almost without results, except that those who scourge Jesus Christ have not been able to satisfy their fury.’

“The Reformation had now taken a bodily form. It was Luther alone who had said, ‘No’ at the diet of Worms, but churches and ministers, princes and people, said ‘No’ at the diet of Spires.

“As might be expected, the indignation of the papal adherents increased, and Charles V. set about preparing a suitable antidote for the pestilential disease with which the Germans were attacked. The pope tried to persuade all the other princes of Christendom to combine in this crusade. After having entered their protest at Spire, it was necessary for the evangelicals to think how they could maintain it. The Reformers held a conference, at which they strove for union, for they felt the necessity of it; but their views greatly differed, and it was hard to avoid discord. Philip invited the theologians one after another into his closet; he warned, exhorted and entreated them to remove all discord out of their ranks. Never had general at the head of an army taken such pains to win a battle.

“The doctrine that divided them was the presence of Christ in the sacrament. When Luther expressed his views, Zwingli in great excitement told him that he was re-establishing popery. At their final meeting Zwingli said, ‘Let us confess our union in all things in which we agree; and, as for the rest, let

us remember that we are brothers.' But when he offered Luther the hand of fellowship, it was rejected. The Wittenberg doctors, Luther, Melanchthon and others, were convinced that their peculiar views about the presence of Christ were essential to salvation, and they considered all those who rejected them as without the pale of the faith. Afterward Melanchthon's views more nearly coincided with those held by Zwingli. The landgrave grew very indignant as Luther continued firm. The Hessian divines united their entreaties with Philip, and at last Luther's heart was softened, and he showed more Christian charity, though he could not change his views; he ever continued in the belief that Christ's body and blood were present in the eucharist.

"At last unity in diversity was obtained. Fifteen articles were committed to paper and signed. These articles, framed at the Marburg conference, were the first bulwark erected in common by the Reformers against Rome. Philip of Hesse had not labored in vain.

"Deep dejection and anguish of spirit took hold of Luther as he left Marburg.

He had there violated the law of Christian charity, and he suffered the penalty. As for Zwingle, he quitted Marburg in alarm at Luther's intolerance. 'Lutheranism,' he wrote to the landgrave, 'will lie upon us as heavily as popery.'

"Then came the cruel emperor, landing at Genoa with all the pomp of a conqueror and uttering horrible threats. This was in September, 1529. On his way from Genoa to Bologna he was overtaken by three Protestant deputies, plain Germans, who presented a singular contrast in the midst of Spanish pomp and Romish fervor by which the youthful Charles was surrounded. They presented to the emperor the famous protest of Spires. Charles took no notice of them except to order one of his secretaries to tell them that they should have an answer at some future time. They waited from the 22d of September until the 12th of October, and then his answer was far from pleasing. Besides giving them a threatening reply, he was pleased to put them under arrest, desiring in this way to show his contempt and also to frighten the princes.



“The emperor and the pope soon met, Charles falling on his knees and kissing the pontiff’s feet. The young and politic emperor and the old and crafty pontiff had many matters to settle; the most important was the Reformation. Charles promised to constrain the heretics by violence, while the pope should summon all the other princes to his aid. ‘To overcome Germany by force, and then erase it from the surface of the earth, is the sole object of the Italians,’ they wrote from Venice to the elector.

“After this Charles held at Augsburg his famous diet, at which was presented the Augsburg Confession, framed by Melancthon. This is the standard of the Lutheran churches. The day on which it was read before that august assembly of the mighty of earth was the greatest day of the Reformation, and the Confession will ever remain one of the masterpieces of the human mind enlightened by the Spirit of God. While firmly resisting error, Melancthon avoided as far as possible all that might irritate his adversaries, thus showing the wisdom of the serpent and the harmlessness of the dove.

In regard to the divine right of the pope Melanchthon was silent, and also on other points. His great business was to justify the renovated, and not to attack the deformed, Church. But perhaps a bolder courage would have secured more extensive conquests.

“The Confession produced a great effect in other countries. Charles sent copies to all the courts; it was translated into French, Italian, and even into Spanish and Portuguese. It seems strange that the emperor would thus spread it through the earth, for it gave Europe a sounder idea of the Reformation and prepared the most distant countries to receive the seeds of the gospel.

“The evangelical history of the Reformation is here nearly finished, and the diplomatic history of legal Protestantism begins. There will still be conferences and discussions, there will still be leagues and combats; but the great movement is accomplished, the cause of faith is won by faith. Evangelical doctrine has taken root in the world, and neither the storms of men nor the powers of hell will ever be able to tear it up.”

## CHAPTER XIX.

### *THE CLOSING SCENES OF LUTHER'S LIFE.*

“THIS evening we come to the closing scenes of Luther’s life,” remarked Mr. Arnold as the family gathered around him. “The enemies of Luther seem to have been anxious for his death, thinking that if he were out of the way Melanchthon and the other leaders could be managed. In 1545, while he was yet alive, his enemies published a pamphlet at Naples giving an account of his death.

“Philip of Hesse sent Luther a copy of this scandalous production. It stated that Luther spent his last moments in drunkenness and in cursing the pope; that before he died he ordered himself to be placed upon the altar and commanded his followers to worship him as a god; that when he was receiving the sacrament the consecrated wafer leaped out of his stomach; that when he was buried there was such a frightful storm

of thunder and lightning that the people thought the day of judgment had come; that the morning after his burial the tomb was found empty, and that such a strong stench of brimstone issued from the grave that no person could go near it; and that in consequence of these things many who had left the Romish Church returned to her communion.

“Luther had throughout his life refused the aid of the secular arm, as his desire was that the truth should triumph only by the power of God. However, in 1546, in spite of his efforts, war was on the point of breaking out, and it was the will of God that his servant should be spared this painful spectacle.

“The counts of Mansfield, within whose territories Luther was born, having become involved in a quarrel with their subjects and with several lords of the neighborhood, asked the Reformer to come and help restore peace.

“Luther was now sixty-three years old, and he was subject to frequent attacks of dizziness, but he never spared himself. Immediately he answered the call, taking with

him his friend the theologian Jonas, who had been with him at the diet of Worms, and his two sons, Martin and Paul, the former now fifteen and the latter thirteen years of age. He was respectfully received by the counts of Mansfield, attended by a hundred and twelve horsemen. He entered the town of Eisleben, in which he was born, and in which he was about to die. That same evening he was very unwell, and was near fainting. Nevertheless, he took courage, preached four times, attended twenty conferences, received the sacrament twice and ordained two ministers. He dined regularly with the counts. It was plain from his conversation that the Holy Scriptures daily grew more important in his eyes. 'Cicero asserts in his letters,' he said to the counts two days before his death, 'that no one can comprehend the science of government who has not occupied for twenty years an important place in the republic. And, I for my part, tell you that no one has understood the Holy Scriptures who has not governed the churches for a hundred years, with the prophets, the apostles and Jesus Christ.' After saying



these words he wrote them in Latin, laid them upon the table, and then retired to his room. He had no sooner reached it than he felt that his last hour was near. 'When I have set my good lords at one,' he said to those about him, 'I will return home to die.'

"The next day Luther's weakness increased. The count of Mansfield and the prior of Anhalt, filled with anxiety, came to see him. 'Pray do not come to the conference,' they said. He rose and walked up and down the room, and exclaimed, 'Here, at Eisleben, I was baptized; will it be my lot also to die here?' A little while after, he took the sacrament. Many of his friends attended him, and sorrowfully felt that soon they would see him no more. One of them said to him, 'Shall we know each other in the eternal assembly of the blessed? We shall all be so changed!'—'Adam,' replied Luther, 'had never seen Eve, and yet when he awoke he did not say, "Who art thou?" but "Thou art flesh of my flesh." By what means did he know that she was taken from his flesh, and not from a stone? He knew this be-

cause he was filled with the Holy Spirit. So, likewise, in the heavenly Paradise we shall be filled with the Holy Spirit, and we shall recognize father, mother and friends better than Adam recognized Eve.'

"Having thus spoken, Luther retired into his chamber and, according to his daily custom, even in winter, opened his window, looked up to heaven and began to pray. 'Heavenly Father,' he prayed, 'since, in thy great mercy, thou hast revealed to me the downfall of the pope, since the day of thy glory is not far off, and since the light of the gospel, which is now rising over the earth, is to be diffused through the whole world, keep to the end, through thy goodness, the Church of my dear native country, save it from falling, preserve it in the true profession of thy word, and let all men know that it is indeed for thy work that thou hast sent me.'

"Having finished his prayer, Luther returned to his friends, and about ten o'clock at night retired to bed. Just as he reached the threshold of his bedroom he stood still and said in Latin, 'In manus tuas commendo

spiritum meum: redemisti me, Deus veritatis!"

In a low voice Stephen translated these words for Maggie, for, looking at her, he saw tears trickling down her cheeks:

"Into thy hands I commend my spirit; thou hast redeemed me, O God of truth!"

"The 18th of February, the day of Luther's departure, was now at hand. He had spent twenty days in Eisleben. About one o'clock in the morning, sensible that the chill of death was creeping over him, Luther called Jonas and his faithful servant Ambrose. 'Make a fire,' he said to Ambrose. Then he cried out, 'O Lord my God, I am in great pain! What a weight upon my chest! I shall never leave Eisleben.' Jonas said to him, 'Our heavenly Father will come to help you for the love of Christ, which you have faithfully preached to men.' Luther then got up, took some turns up and down his room, and, looking up to heaven, exclaimed again, 'Into thy hands I commend my spirit: thou hast redeemed me, O God of truth!'

"Jonas immediately sent for the doctors,

Luther's sons and other friends. In great alarm they hastened to the spot. 'I am dying,' said the sick man.—'No,' said Jonas; 'you are now in a perspiration, and will soon be better.'—'It is the sweat of death,' said Luther; 'I am nearly at my last breath.' He was thoughtful for a moment, and then said, with faltering voice, 'O my heavenly Father, the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the God of all consolation, I thank thee that thou hast revealed to me thy well-beloved Son, Jesus Christ, in whom I have believed, whom I have preached, whom I have confessed, whom the pope and all the ungodly insult, blaspheme and persecute, but whom I love and adore as my Saviour. O Jesus Christ, my Saviour, I commit my soul to thee. O my heavenly Father, I must quit this body, but I believe with perfect assurance that I shall dwell eternally with thee, and that none shall pluck me out of thy hands.'

"Luther now remained silent for a little while; his prayer seemed to have exhausted him. But presently his countenance again grew bright; a holy joy shone in his

features, and he said, with fullness of faith, 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' A moment after he uttered, as if sure of victory, this word of David: 'He that is our God is the God of salvation, and unto God the Lord belong the issues of death.' Medicine was offered him, but he refused it, saying, 'I am departing; I am about to yield up my spirit.' And then three times he exclaimed, 'Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit: thou hast redeemed me, O God of truth! Thou hast redeemed me, O God of truth!' He then closed his eyes. They touched him, moved him, called to him, but he made no answer. In vain they applied hot cloths and tried to revive him with tonics. He remained motionless. All who stood round him were deeply affected. His two sons, kneeling and in tears, cried to God to spare their father; the faithful servant was in great grief; the count of Mansfield thought of the troubles which Luther's death might bring upon the empire; and Jonas, a little apart from the



rest, felt heartbroken at the thought of the terrible blow impending over the Reformation. He wished to receive from the dying Luther a last testimony. He therefore rose and went up to his friend, and, bending over him, said, 'Reverend father, in your dying hour do you rest on Jesus Christ and steadfastly rely on the doctrine which you have preached?' 'Yes,' said Luther so that all who were present could hear him. This was his last word.

"The pallor of death overspread Luther's countenance; his forehead, his hands and his feet turned cold. They addressed him by his baptismal name, 'Doctor Martin,' but he made no response. He drew a deep breath, and fell asleep in the Lord. It was between two and three o'clock in the morning.

"'Truly,' said Jonas, to whom we are indebted for these particulars, 'thou lettest, Lord, thy servant depart in peace, and thou hast accomplished for him the promise which thou madest us, and which he himself wrote the other day in a Bible presented to one of his friends: "Verily, verily, I say unto you,

If a man keep my sayings, he shall never see death.”’

“Thus passed Luther into the presence of his Master, in full reliance on redemption, in calm faith in the triumph of truth.

“Luther is no longer here below, but Jesus Christ is with his people evermore to the end of the world, and the work which Luther had begun lives, and is still advancing, and will extend to all the ends of the earth.”



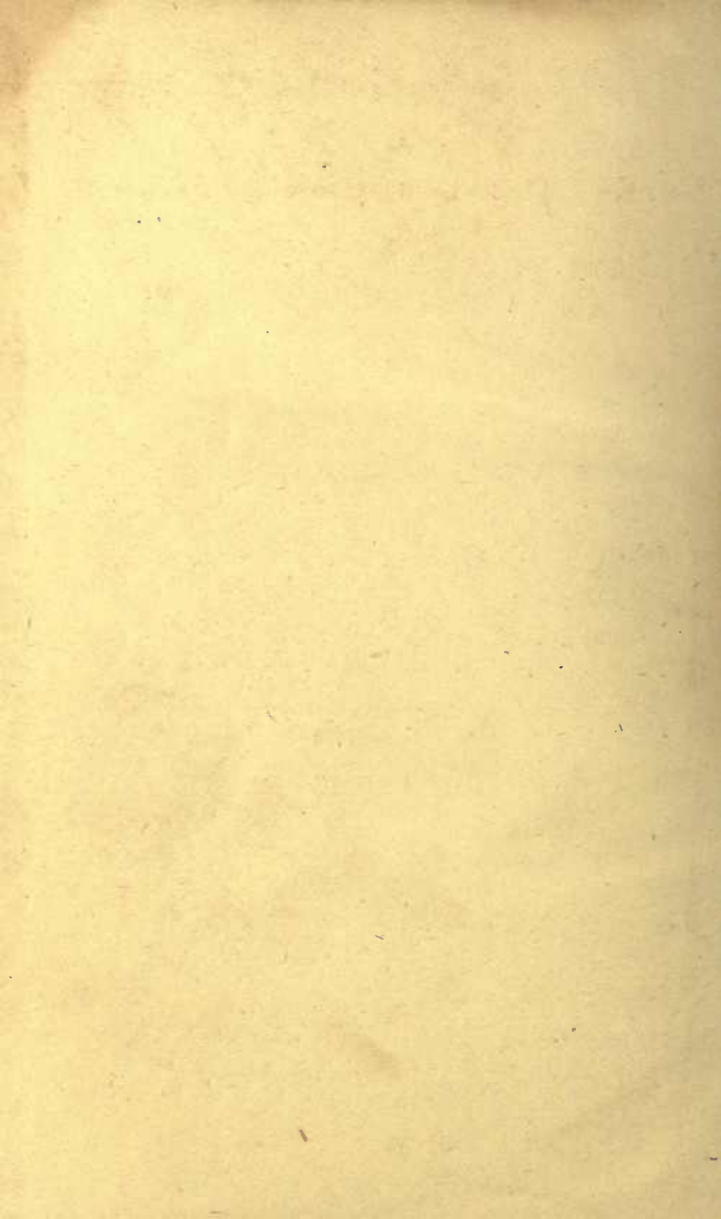












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